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UNDISTINGUISHED AMERICANS

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The Life Stories of Undistinguished Americans

As Told by Themselves

Edited by Hamilton Holt

With an Introduction by Edwin E. Slosson

NEW YORK
JAMES POTT & COMPANY
1906

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NOTE

The INDEPENDENT has published during the last four years about seventy-five autobiographies of undistinguished American men and women. The aim of each autobiography was to typify the life of the average worker in some particular vocation, and to make each story the genuine experience of a real person. From this list have been selected the following sixteen lives as most representative of the humbler classes in the nation, and of individuals whose training and work have been the most diverse. Thus we have the story of the butcher, the sweat-shop worker, the boot-black, the push-cart peddler, the lumber man, the dressmaker, the nurse girl, the cook, the cotton-picker, the head-hunter, the trained nurse, the editor, the minister, the butler and the laundryman. They also represent the five great races of mankind, the white, yellow, red, brown and black, and include immigrants from Lithuania, Poland, Sweden, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Syria, China and Japan. I am aware that some of these autobiographies, or "lifelets," are crude from a literary point of view, but they all have a deep human interest and perhaps some sociological importance.

HAMILTON HOLT.

UNDISTINGUISHED AMERICANS

INTRODUCTION

THE late Jules Verne about a year before his death created something of a sensation by saying that the novel had reached its height and would soon be displaced from its present position of influence and popularity by new forms of literature. Whether the fact that his later romances had not sold as well as his earlier had anything to do with this pessimistic view of the outlook for his trade, there is much to indicate that he was right. It is true that there are more novels written and read than ever before, and there is no decline in quality, whether we consider the average or the exceptional. But the habitual readers of fiction, notwithstanding their conspicuousness and vocality, form only a small and continually smaller proportion of the total number of readers. Most men and many women prefer to come into closer touch with reality and seek it, often in vain, in the newspapers. Consequently fiction is under-

going a process of fission; the cleft between the realistic and romantic novels is widening. The former are becoming more nearly a transcript of life, and the latter, no longer tethered to earth, are soaring into the ether of the imaginary and impossible. In the same way the old-fashioned melodrama is differentiating into the drawing-room comedy and the burlesque opera.

When you propose to tell a story to children they interrupt at the first sentence with the question, "Is it a true story?" As we evade or ignore this natural and pertinent inquiry they finally cease to ask it, and we blur for them the edges of reality until it fades off into the mists. The hardest part of the training of the scientist is to get back the clear sight of his childhood. But nowadays our educators do not do quite so much as formerly to encourage the mythopeic faculty of children. It has been found that their imagination can be exercised by other objects than the imaginary. Consequently the number of readers who are impatient of any detectable deviation from truth is increasing.

Besides this, most people—perhaps all—are more impressed by the concrete than the abstract. The generalized types of humanity as expressed by the artist in painting and sculpture, romances and poems do not interest them so much as do individuals. A composite photograph of a score of girls is very beauti-

ful, but one is not apt to fall in love with it, notwithstanding the stories for which this has served as the theme. The scientist has a very clear and definite conception of kinetic energy when it is expressed by the formula mv^2, but he is more forcibly struck by it when he is hit on the head with a club. Formerly botanists used to talk a great deal about species and types; later they turned their attention to varieties, and now the men who are making the most progress are experimenting with one plant and a single flower of that one. The candidate for a Ph.D. watches a single amœba under a microscope and writes his thesis on one day's doings of its somewhat monotonous life. The man who can describe the antics of a squirrel in a tree has all the publishers after him, while the zoologist has to pay for the publication of his monograph on the *Sciuridæ*. The type of the naturalist, the ideal statue of the sculptor, the algebraic formula of the physicist and the hero and heroine of the romancer have a symmetry, universality and beauty above that of any individual and in a sense they are truer, but their chief value is not in themselves but in their use as guides to the better understanding of the individual, from which they originate and to which they return.

To these two forces tending to develop new forms of literature, the love of truth and the interest in the concrete, we must add one

other, the spirit of democracy, the discovery of the importance of the average man. This, after all, is the most profitable branch of nature study, the study of *Homo sapiens*, and of his wife, who, in this country at least, usually also belongs to the species *sapiens*. Wild adventures, erratic characters, strange scenes and impossible emotions are no longer required even in fiction. The ordinary man under ordinary circumstances interests us most because he is most akin to us. In politics he has gained his rights and in history and literature he is coming to be recognized. We realize now that a very good history of France could be written, better than most of the old-fashioned kind, without mentioning the name of Louis XIV or Napoleon.

The resultant of these three forces gives us the general direction of the literature of the future. It will be more realistic, more personal and less exceptional. The combination of these qualities is found in the autobiography, which, as Longfellow said years ago, "is what all biography ought to be." It has always been a favorite form in fiction, from "Apuleius," "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe" to the present. Now when we publish a "Life and Letters" we lay the emphasis on the latter part. A great deal of fun has been made of those who preferred to read the love letters of the Brownings rather than the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and

" One Word More," but who will say that the verdict of the future will not vindicate these readers rather than their critics?

One other characteristic of the modern reader must be taken into consideration, his love of brevity. The short story is more popular than the novel, the vaudeville sketch than the drama. We have, then, a demand for the brief autobiography, the life story in a few pages. Since this form of literature seems likely to become a distinct type we might venture to give it the provisional name of the " lifelet." Its relation to other literary forms is shown most succinctly by this equation:

lifelet : autobiography :: short story : novel

The short story is older than the art of writing, but it is only recently that it has attained a perfection and definiteness of form which has caused it to be recognized and studied by rhetoricians. The lifelets now being written are like the average short stories of fifty years ago in crudity and indefiniteness of aim, but already we can see something of the laws and limitations of this new literary type. In its construction the same general rules apply as to the short story, and condensation, elimination, subordination and selection are necessary in order to make it readable and truthful. It really demands as much literary skill as any form of fiction, but when

it is strictly autobiographical this is likely to be lacking. However, the number of persons who can write fairly well when they have the material is great and increasing with the spread of education. It has been said that every one's life contains the material for one good novel. It would evidently be more plausible to say this of the lifelet.

Short autobiographies of undistinguished people occasionally appear in most of our magazines, but *The Independent* has published more than any other, for its Managing Editor, Mr. Hamilton Holt, has for several years devoted himself to procuring such narratives with the object of ultimately presenting in this way a complete picture of American life in all its strata. These life stories found favor with the readers of *The Independent,* so a few of them have been selected for publication in this volume. In the selection the aim has been to include a representative of each of the races which go to make up our composite nationality, and of as many different industries as possible. The book has, therefore, a unity of theme and purpose that may compensate for its diversity of topic and style. It is a mosaic picture composed of living tesseræ.

In procuring these stories two methods were used; first and preferably, to have the life written upon his own initiative by the person who lived it; second, in the case of one too

ignorant or too impatient to write, to have the story written from interviews, and then read to and approved by the person telling it. Since the author's name is often omitted or is unknown to the reader, he will have to be content with the Editor's assurance that great pains have been taken in all cases to see that the account is truthful, both as to facts and mode of thought, and that it is a representative, and not exceptional experience of its class. These sketches, therefore, are very different in character from those of professional writers of the wealthy or well-to-do class, who temporarily become tramps, factory girls, or nursery governesses, or who join the crowd of the unemployed for the purpose of later securing employment as professors or editors.

This book is, then, intended not merely to satisfy our common curiosity as to "how the other half lives," but to have both a present and a future value as a study in sociology. If Plutarch had given us the life stories of a slave and a hoplite, a peasant and a potter, we would willingly have dispensed with an equivalent number of kings and philosophers. Carlyle gave to his volume of biographies the title "Heroes and Hero Worship." Emerson gave to his the title "Representative Men." Both were right. We can understand the significance of the great man only when we view him both as a product of his times and as an innovator. So, also, to understand a social

class, we must study it both statistically and individually. Biography and demography are equally useful, the former more vivid, the latter more comprehensive. One who studies Charles Booth's nine large volumes on the "Life and Labor of the Poor in London" will know as exactly as possible how many men in that city are hungry and cold, but he will be more likely to gain a definite realization of their condition and a stronger impulse to remedy it, by reading Jack London's "The People of the Abyss."

Lincoln said that "God must love the common people because he made so many of them." In all countries the question of national destiny is always ultimately settled by the will of majority, whether the people vote or not. It is the undistinguished people who move the world, or who prevent it from moving. And the wise statesman is he who can best read the minds of the non-vocal part of the population, the silent partners who have the controlling vote in the governmental firm.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE STORY OF A LITHUANIAN

The Lithuanian, who told the following story of his life to Mr. Ernest Poole, is a workman in the Chicago Stockyards and gave his name as Antanas Kaztauskis.

THIS is not my real name, because if this story is printed it may be read back in Lithuania, and I do not want to get my father and the ugly shoemaker into trouble with the Russian Government.

It was the shoemaker who made me want to come to America. He was a traveling shoemaker, for on our farms we tan our own cowhides, and the shoemaker came to make them into boots for us. By traveling he learned all the news and he smuggled in newspapers across the frontier from Germany. We were always glad to hear him talk.

I can never forget that evening four years ago. It was a cold December. We were in a big room in our log house in Lithuania. My good, kind, thin old mother sat near the wide fireplace, working her brown spinning wheel, with which she made cloth for our shirts and coats and pants. I sat on the floor in front of her with my knee-boots off and my

feet stretched out to the fire. My feet were cold, for I had been out with my young brother in the freezing sheds milking the cows and feeding the sheep and geese. I leaned my head on her dress and kept yawning and thinking about my big goose-feather bed. My father sat and smoked his pipe across the fireplace. Between was a kerosene lamp on a table, and under it sat the ugly shoemaker on a stool finishing a big yellow boot. His sleeves were rolled up; his arms were thin and bony, but you could see how strong the fingers and wrist were, for when he grabbed the needle he jerked it through and the whole arm's length up. This arm kept going up and down. Every time it went up he jerked back his long mixed-up red hair and grunted. And you could just see his face—bony and shut together tight, and his narrow sharp eyes looking down. Then his head would go down again, and his hair would get all mixed up. I kept watching him. My fat, older brother, who sat behind with his fat wife, grinned and said: "Look out or your eyes will make holes in the leather." My brother's eyes were always dull and sleepy. Men like him stay in Lithuania.

At last the boot was finished. The little shoemaker held it up and looked at it. My father stopped smoking and looked at it. "That's a good boot," said my father. The shoemaker grunted. "That's a damn poor

boot," he replied (instead of "damn" he said "skatina"), "a rough boot like all your boots, and so when you grow old you are lame. You have only poor things, for rich Russians get your good things, and yet you will not kick up against them. Bah!"

"I don't like your talk," said my father, and he spit into the fire, as he always did when he began to think. "I am honest. I work hard. We get along. That's all. So what good will such talk do me?"

"You!" cried the shoemaker, and he now threw the boot on the floor so that our big dog lifted up his head and looked around. "It's not you at all. It's the boy—that boy there!" and he pointed to me. "That boy must go to America!"

Now I quickly stopped yawning and I looked at him all the time after this. My mother looked frightened and she put her hand on my head. "No, no; he is only a boy," she said. "Bah!" cried the shoemaker, pushing back his hair, and then I felt he was looking right through me. "He is eighteen and a man. You know where he must go in three years more." We all knew he meant my five years in the army. "Where is your oldest son? Dead. Oh, I know the Russians —the man-wolves! I served my term, I know how it is. Your son served in Turkey in the mountains. Why not here? Because they want foreign soldiers here to beat us. He

had four roubles ($2.08) pay for three months, and with that he had to pay men like me to make his shoes and clothes. Oh, the wolves! They let him soak in rain; standing guard all night in the snow and ice he froze, the food was God's food, the vodka was cheap and rotten! Then he died. The wolves—the man wolves! Look at this book." He jerked a Roman Catholic prayer book from his bag on the floor. "Where would I go if they found this on me? Where is Wilhelm Birbell?"

At this my father spit hard again into the fire and puffed his pipe fast.

"Where is Wilhelm Birbell?" cried the shoemaker, and we all kept quiet. We all knew. Birbell was a rich farmer who smuggled in prayer books from Germany so that we all could pray as we liked, instead of the Russian Church way. He was caught one night and they kept him two years in the St. Petersburg jail, in a cell so narrow and short that he could not stretch out his legs, for they were very long. This made him lame for life. Then they sent him to Irkutsk, down in Siberia. There he sawed logs to get food. He escaped and now he is here in Chicago. But at that time he was in jail.

"Where is Wilhelm Birbell?" cried the shoemaker. "Oh, the wolves! And what is this?" He pulled out an old American newspaper, printed in the Lithuanian language, and I remember he tore it he was so angry.

"The world's good news is all kept away. We can only read what Russian officials print in their papers. Read? No, you can't read or write your own language, because there is no Lithuanian school—only the Russian school —you can only read and write Russian. Can you? No, you can't! Because even those Russian schools make you pay to learn, and you have no money to pay. Will you never be ashamed—all you? Listen to me."

Now I looked at my mother and her face looked frightened, but the shoemaker cried still louder. "Why can't you have your own Lithuanian school? Because you are like dogs—you have nothing to say—you have no town meetings or province meetings, no elections. You are slaves! And why can't you even pay to go to their Russian school? Because they get all your money. Only twelve acres you own, but you pay eighty roubles ($40) taxes. You must work twelve days on your Russian roads. Your kind old wife must plow behind the oxen, for I saw her last summer, and she looked tired. You must all slave, but still your rye and wheat brings little money, because they cheat you bad. Oh, the wolves—how fat they are! And so your boy must never read or write, or think like a man should think."

But now my mother cried out, and her voice was shaking. "Leave us alone—you leave us! We need no money—we trade our things

for the things we need at the store—we have all we need—leave us alone!"

Then my fat brother grinned and said to the shoemaker, "You always stir up young men to go to America. Why don't you go yourself?"

I remember that the little shoemaker had pulled a big crooked pipe out of his bag. Now he took a splinter from the basket of splinters which hung on the wall and he lit his pipe and puffed it. His face showed me that he felt bad. "I am too old," he said, "to learn a new trade. These boots are no good in America. America is no place for us old rascals. My son is in Chicago in the stockyards, and he writes to me. They have hard knocks. If you are sick or old there and have no money you must die. That Chicago place has trouble, too. Do you see that light? That is kerosene. Do you remember the price went up last year? That is Rockefeller. My son writes me about him. He is another man-wolf. A few men like him are grabbing all the good things—the oil and coal and meat and everything. But against these men you can strike if you are young. You can read free papers and prayer books. In Chicago there are prayer books for every man and woman. You can have free meetings and talk out what you think. And so if you are young you can change all these troubles. But I am old. I can feel it now, this winter. So I

only tell young men to go." He looked hard at me and I looked at him. He kept talking. "I tell them to go where they can choose their own kind of God—where they can learn to read and write, and talk, and think like men—and have good things!"

He kept looking at me, but he opened the newspaper and held it up. "Some day," he said, "I will be caught and sent to jail, but I don't care. I got this from my son, who reads all he can find at night. It had to be smuggled in. I lend it many times to many young men. My son got it from the night school and he put it in Lithuanian for me to see." Then he bent over the paper a long time and his lips moved. At last he looked into the fire and fixed his hair, and then his voice was shaking and very low:

"'We know these are true things—that all men are born free and equal—that God gives them rights which no man can take away—that among these rights are life, liberty and the getting of happiness.'"

He stopped, I remember, and looked at me, and I was not breathing. He said it again. "'Life, liberty and the getting of happiness.' Oh, that is what you want."

My mother began to cry. "He cannot go if his father commands him to stay," she kept saying. I knew this was true, for in Lithuania a father can command his son till he dies.

"No, he must not go," said the shoemaker, "if his father commands him to stay." He turned and looked hard at my father. My father was looking into the fire. "If he goes," said my father, "those Russians will never let him come back." My mother cried harder. We all waited for him to say something else. In about five minutes the shoemaker got up and asked, "Well, what do you say,—the army or America?" But my father shook his head and would not say anything. Soon my brother began yawning and took his fat wife and went to bed. The little shoemaker gathered his tools into his big bag and threw it over his shoulder. His shoulder was crooked. Then he came close to me and looked at me hard.

"I am old," he said, "I wish I was young. And you must be old soon and that will be too late. The army—the man wolves! Bah! it is terrible."

After he was gone my father and I kept looking at the fire. My mother stopped crying and went out. Our house was in two parts of two rooms each. Between the parts was an open shed and in this shed was a big oven, where she was baking bread that night. I could hear her pull it out to look at it and then push it back. Then she came in and sat down beside me and began spinning again. I leaned against her dress and watched the fire and thought about America. Sometimes I

looked at my father, and she kept looking at him, too, but he would not say anything. At last my old mother stopped spinning and put her hand on my forehead.

" Alexandrìa is a fine girl," she whispered. This gave me a quick, bad feeling. Alexandrìa was the girl I wanted to marry. She lived about ten miles away. Her father liked my father and they seemed to be glad that I loved her. I had often been thinking at night how in a few years I would go with my uncle to her house and ask her father and mother to give her to me. I could see the wedding all ahead —how we would go to her house on Saturday night and they would have music there and many people and we would have a sociable time. Then in the morning we would go to the church and be married and come back to my father's house and live with him. I saw it all ahead, and I was sure we would be very happy. Now I began thinking of this. I could see her fine soft eyes and I hated to go away. My old mother kept her hands moving on my forehead. " Yes, she is a nice girl; a kind, beautiful girl," she kept whispering. We sat there till the lamp went out. Then the fire got low and the room was cold and we went to bed. But I could not sleep and kept thinking.

The next day my father told me that I could not go until the time came for the army, three years ahead. " Stay until then and then

we will see," he said. My mother was very glad and so was I, because of Alexandrìa. But in the coldest part of that winter my dear old mother got sick and died. The neighbors all came in and sang holy songs for two days and nights. The priest was there and my father bought fine candles. Two of the neighbors made a coffin. At last it was all over. For a long time our log house was always quiet.

That summer the shoemaker came again and talked with me. This time I was very eager to go to America, and my father told me I could go.

One morning I walked over to say good-by to Alexandrìa. It was ten miles and the road was dusty, so I carried my boots over my shoulder, as we always did, and I put them on when I came near her house. When I saw her I felt very bad, and so did she. I had the strongest wish I ever had to take hold of her and keep her all my life. We stayed together till it was dark and night fogs came up out of the field grass, and we could hardly see the house. Then she said good-by. For many nights I kept remembering the way she looked up at me.

The next night after supper I started. It is against the law to sell tickets to America, but my father saw the secret agent in the village and he got a ticket from Germany and found us a guide. I had bread and cheese and honey

and vodka and clothes in my bag. Some of the neighbors walked a few miles and said good-by and then went back. My father and my younger brother walked on all night with the guide and me. At daylight we came to the house of a man the guide knew. We slept there and that night I left my father and young brother. My father gave me $50 besides my ticket. The next morning before light we were going through the woods and we came to the frontier. Three roads run along the frontier. On the first road there is a soldier every mile, who stands there all night. On the second road is a soldier every half mile, and on the third road is a soldier every quarter of a mile. The guide went ahead through the woods. I hid with my big bag behind a bush and whenever he raised his hand I sneaked along. I felt cold all over and sometimes hot. He told me that sometimes he took twenty immigrants together, all without passports, and then he could not pass the soldiers and so he paid a soldier he knew one dollar a head to let them by. He said the soldier was very strict and counted them to see that he was not being cheated.

So I was in Germany. Two days after that we reached Tilsit and the guide took me to the railroad man. This man had a crowd of immigrants in a room, and we started that night on the railroad—fourth class. It was bad riding sometimes. I used to think of

Alexandria. We were all green and slow. The railroad man used to say to me, "You will have to be quicker than this in Chicago," and he was right. We were very slow in the stations where we changed trains, and he used to shout at us then, and one old German man who spoke Lithuanian told me what the man was calling us. When he told me this I hurried, and so did the others, and we began to learn to be quicker. It took three days to get to Hamburg. There we were put in a big house called a barracks, and we waited a week. The old German man told me that the barracks men were cheating us. He had been once to Cincinnati in America to visit his son, who kept a saloon. His old, long pipe was stolen there. He kept saying, "Dem grafters, dem grafters," in a low voice whenever they brought food to sell, for our bags were now empty. They kept us there till our money was half spent on food. I asked the old man what kind of American men were grafters, and he said, "All kinds in Cincinnati, but more in Chicago!" I knew I was going to Chicago, and I began to think quicker. I thought quicker yet on the boat. I saw men playing cards. I played and lost $1.86 in my new money, till the old man came behind me and said, "Dem grafters." When I heard this I got scared and threw down my cards. That old man used to point up at the rich people looking down at us and say,

" Dem grafters." They were the richest people I had ever seen—the boat was the biggest boat I had ever seen—the machine that made it go was very big, and so was the horn that blew in a fog. I felt everything get bigger and go quicker every day.

It was the most when we came to New York. We were driven in a thick crowd to the railroad station. The old man kept pointing and saying, " Grafters, grafters," till the guide punched him and said, " Be quick, damn you, be quick." . . . " I will be quick pretty soon," said the old man to me, " and den I will get back dot pipe in Cincinnati. And when I will be quicker still, alreddy, I will steal some odder man's pipe. Every quick American man is a grafter." I began to believe that this was true, but I was mixed up and could not think long at one time. Everything got quicker—worse and worse—till then at last I was in a boarding house by the stockyards in Chicago with three Lithuanians, who knew my father's sisters at home.

That first night we sat around in the house and they asked me, " Well, why did you come? " I told them about that first night and what the ugly shoemaker said about " life, liberty and the getting of happiness." They all leaned back and laughed. " What you need is money," they said. " It was all right at home. You wanted nothing. You ate your own meat and your own things on the

farm. You made your own clothes and had your own leather. The other things you got at the Jew man's store and paid him with sacks of rye. But here you want a hundred things. Whenever you walk out you see new things you want, and you must have money to buy everything."

Then one man asked me, "How much have you?" and I told him $30. "You must buy clothes to look rich, even if you are not rich," he said. "With good clothes you will have friends."

The next morning three of these men took me to a store near the stockyards to buy a coat and pants. "Look out," said one of them. "Is he a grafter?" I asked. They all laughed. "You stand still. That is all you have to do," they said. So the Jew man kept putting on coats and I moved my arms and back and sides when they told me. We stayed there till it was time for dinner. Then we bought a suit. I paid $5 and then I was to pay $1 a week for five weeks.

In the afternoon I went to a big store. There was a man named Elias. "He is not a grafter," said my friends. He was nice to me and gave me good advice how to get a job. I bought two shirts, a hat, a collar, a necktie, two pairs of socks and some shoes. We kept going upstairs and downstairs. I saw one Lithuanian man buying everything for his wife and three children, who would come here

the next week from Lithuania. My things cost me $8. I put these on right away and then I began to feel better.

The next night they took me for a walk down town. We would not pay to ride, so we walked so long that I wanted to take my shoes off, but I did not tell them this. When we came there I forgot my feet. We stood by one theater and watched for half an hour. Then we walked all around a store that filled one whole block and had walls of glass. Then we had a drink of whiskey, and this is better than vodka. We felt happier and loked into *cafés*. We saw shiny carriages and automobiles. I saw men with dress suits, I saw women with such clothes that I could not think at all. Then my friends punched me and I turned around and saw one of these women, and with her was a gentleman in a fine dress suit. I began looking harder. It was the Jew man that sold me my suit. "He is a grafter," said my friends. "See what money can do." Then we walked home and I felt poor and my shoes got very bad.

That night I felt worse. We were tired out when we reached the stockyards, so we stopped on the bridge and looked into the river out there. It was so full of grease and dirt and sticks and boxes that it looked like a big, wide, dirty street, except in some places, where it boiled up. It made me sick to look at it. When I looked away I could see on one side

some big fields full of holes, and these were the city dumps. On the other side were the stockyards, with twenty tall slaughter house chimneys. The wind blew a big smell from them to us. Then we walked on between the yards and the dumps and all the houses looked bad and poor. In our house my room was in the basement. I lay down on the floor with three other men and the air was rotten. I did not go to sleep for a long time. I knew then that money was everything I needed. My money was almost gone and I thought that I would soon die unless I got a job, for this was not like home. Here money was everything and a man without money must die.

The next morning my friends woke me up at five o'clock and said, "Now, if you want life, liberty and happiness," they laughed, "you must push for yourself. You must get a job. Come with us." And we went to the yards. Men and women were walking in by thousands as far as we could see. We went to the doors of one big slaughter house. There was a crowd of about 200 men waiting there for a job. They looked hungry and kept watching the door. At last a special policeman came out and began pointing to men, one by one. Each one jumped forward. Twenty-three were taken. Then they all went inside, and all the others turned their faces away and looked tired. I remember one boy sat down and cried, just next to me, on a pile of boards.

Some policemen waved their clubs and we all walked on. I found some Lithuanians to talk with, who told me they had come every morning for three weeks. Soon we met other crowds coming away from other slaughter houses, and we all walked around and felt bad and tired and hungry.

That night I told my friends that I would not do this many days, but would go some place else. "Where?" they asked me, and I began to see then that I was in bad trouble, because I spoke no English. Then one man told me to give him $5 to give the special policeman. I did this and the next morning the policeman pointed me out, so I had a job. I have heard some big talk since then about my American freedom of contract, but I do not think I had much freedom in bargaining for this job with the Meat Trust. My job was in the cattle killing room. I pushed the blood along the gutter. Some people think these jobs make men bad. I do not think so. The men who do the killing are not as bad as the ladies with fine clothes who come every day to look at it, because they have to do it. The cattle do not suffer. They are knocked senseless with a big hammer and are dead before they wake up. This is done not to spare them pain, but because if they got hot and sweating with fear and pain the meat would not be so good. I soon saw that every job in the room was done like this—so as to save

everything and make money. One Lithuanian who worked with me, said, " They get all the blood out of those cattle and all the work out of us men." This was true, for we worked that first day from six in the morning till seven at night. The next day we worked from six in the morning till eight at night. The next day we had no work. So we had no good, regular hours. It was hot in the room that summer, and the hot blood made it worse.

I held this job six weeks and then I was turned off. I think some other man had paid for my job, or perhaps I was too slow. The foreman in that room wanted quick men to make the work rush, because he was paid more if the work was done cheaper and quicker. I saw now that every man was helping himself, always trying to get all the money he could. At that time I believed that all men in Chicago were grafters when they had to be. They only wanted to push themselves. Now, when I was idle I began to look about, and everywhere I saw sharp men beating out slow men like me. Even if we worked hard it did us no good. I had saved $13—$5 a week for six weeks makes $30, and take off $15 for six weeks' board and lodging and $2 for other things. I showed this to a Lithuanian, who had been here two years, and he laughed. " It will be taken from you," he said. He had saved a hundred dollars once and had begun to

buy a house on the installment plan, but something had happened that he did not know about and his landlord put him out and kept the hundred dollars. I found that many Lithuanians had been beaten this way. At home we never made a man sign contract papers. We only had him make the sign of a cross and promise he would do what he said. But this was no good in Chicago. So these sharp men were beating us.

I saw this, too, in the newspaper. I was beginning to learn English, and at night in the boarding house the men who did not play cards used to read the paper to us. The biggest word was "Graft" in red letters on the front page. Another word was "Trust." This paper kept putting these two words together. Then I began to see how every American man was trying to get money for himself. I wondered if the old German man in Cincinnati had found his pipe yet. I felt very bad and sorrowful in that month. I kept walking around with many other Lithuanians who had no job. Our money was going and we could find nothing to do. At night we got homesick for our fine green mountains. We read all the news about home in our Lithuanian Chicago newspaper, *The Katalikas*. It is a good paper and gives all the news. In the same office we bought this song, which was written in Brooklyn by P. Brandukas. He, too, was homesick. It is sung all over Chi-

cago and you can hear it in the summer evenings through the open windows. In English it is something like this:

"Oh, Lithuania, so dear to me,
Good-by to you, my Fatherland.
Sorrowful in my heart I leave you.
I know not who will stay to guard you.

Is it enough for me to live and enjoy between my neighbors,
In the woods with the flowers and birds?
Is it enough for me to live peaceful between my friends?
No, I must go away from my old father and mother.

The sun shines bright,
The flowers smell sweet,
The birds are singing,
They make the country glad:
But I cannot sing because I must leave you."

Those were bad days and nights. At last I had a chance to help myself. Summer was over and Election Day was coming. The Republican boss in our district, Jonidas, was a saloon keeper. A friend took me there. Jonidas shook hands and treated me fine. He taught me to sign my name, and the next week I went with him to an office and signed some paper, and then I could vote. I voted as I was told, and then they got me back into the yards to work, because one big politician owns stock in one of those houses. Then I felt that I was getting in beside the game. I was in a

combine like other sharp men. Even when work was slack I was all right, because they got me a job in the street cleaning department. I felt proud, and I went to the back room in Jonidas's saloon and got him to write a letter to Alexandrìa to tell her she must come soon and be my wife.

But this was just the trouble. All of us were telling our friends to come soon. Soon they came—even thousands. The employers in the yard liked this, because those sharp foremen are inventing new machines and the work is easier to learn, and so these slow Lithuanians and even green girls can learn to do it, and then the Americans and Germans and Irish are put out and the employer saves money, because the Lithuanians work cheaper. This was why the American labor unions began to organize us all just the same as they had organized the Bohemians and Poles before us.

Well, we were glad to be organized. We had learned that in Chicago every man must push himself always, and Jonidas had taught us how much better we could push ourselves by getting into a combine. Now, we saw that this union was the best combine for us, because it was the only combine that could say, "It is our business to raise your wages."

But that Jonidas—he spoilt our first union. He was sharp. First he got us to hire the room over his saloon. He used to come in at our meetings and sit in the back seat and grin.

There was an Irishman there from the union headquarters, and he was trying to teach us to run ourselves. He talked to a Lithuanian, and the Lithuanian said it to us, but we were slow to do things, and we were jealous and were always jumping up to shout and fight. So the Irishman used to wipe his hot, red face and call us bad names. He told the Lithuanian not to say these names to us, but Jonidas heard them, and in his saloon, where we all went down after the meeting when the Irishman was gone, Jonidas gave us free drinks and then told us the names. I will not write them here.

One night that Irishman did not come and Jonidas saw his chance and took the chair. He talked very fine and we elected him President. We made him Treasurer, too. Down in the saloon he gave us free drinks and told us we must break away from the Irish grafters. The next week he made us strike, all by himself. We met twice a day in his saloon and spent all of our money on drinks, and then the strike was over. I got out of this union after that. I had been working hard in the cattle killing room and I had a better job. I was called a cattle butcher now and I joined the Cattle Butchers' Union. This union is honest and it has done me a great deal of good.

It has raised my wages. The man who worked at my job before the union came was getting through the year an average of $9 a

week. I am getting $11. In my first job I got $5 a week. The man who works there now gets $5.75.

It has given me more time to learn to read and speak and enjoy life like an American. I never work now from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. and then be idle the next day. I work now from 7 A. M to 5.30 P. M., and there are not so many idle days. The work is evened up.

With more time and more money I live much better and I am very happy. So is Alexandrìa. She came a year ago and has learned to speak English already. Some of the women go to the big store the day they get here, when they have not enough sense to pick out the clothes that look right, but Alexandrìa waited three weeks till she knew, and so now she looks the finest of any woman in the district. We have four nice rooms, which she keeps very clean, and she has flowers growing in boxes in the two front windows. We do not go much to church, because the church seems to be too slow. But we belong to a Lithuanian society that gives two picnics in summer and two big balls in winter, where we have a fine time. I go one night a week to the Lithuanian Concertina Club. On Sundays we go on the trolley out into the country.

But we like to stay at home more now because we have a baby. When he grows up I will not send him to the Lithuanian Catholic school. They have only two bad rooms and

two priests who teach only in Lithuanian from prayer books. I will send him to the American school, which is very big and good. The teachers there are Americans and they belong to the Teachers' Labor Union, which has three thousand teachers and belongs to our Chicago Federation of Labor. I am sure that such teachers will give him a good chance.

Our union sent a committee to Springfield last year and they passed a law which prevents boys and girls below sixteen from working in the stockyards.

We are trying to make the employers pay on Saturday night in cash. Now they pay in checks and the men have to get money the same night to buy things for Sunday, and the saloons cash checks by thousands. You have to take one drink to have the check cashed. It is hard to take one drink.

The union is doing another good thing. It is combining all the nationalities. The night I joined the Cattle Butchers' Union I was led into the room by a negro member. With me were Bohemians, Germans and Poles, and Mike Donnelly, the President, is an Irishman. He spoke to us in English and then three interpreters told us what he said. We swore to be loyal to our union above everything else except the country, the city and the State—to be faithful to each other—to protect the women-workers—to do our best to understand the history of the labor movement, and to do

all we could to help it on. Since then I have gone there every two weeks and I help the movement by being an interpreter for the other Lithuanians who come in. That is why I have learned to speak and write good English. The others do not need me long. They soon learn English, too, and when they have done that they are quickly becoming Americans.

But the best thing the union does is to make me feel more independent. I do not have to pay to get a job and I cannot be discharged unless I am no good. For almost the whole 30,000 men and women are organized now in some one of our unions and they all are directed by our central council. No man knows what it means to be sure of his job unless he has been fired like I was once without any reason being given.

So this is why I joined the labor union. There are many better stories than mine, for my story is very common. There are thousands of immigrants like me. Over 300,000 immigrants have been organized in the last three years by the American Federation of Labor. The immigrants are glad to be organized if the leaders are as honest as Mike Donnelly is. You must get money to live well, and to get money you must combine. I cannot bargain alone with the Meat Trust. I tried it and it does not work.

CHAPTER II

THE LIFE STORY OF A POLISH SWEATSHOP GIRL

Sadie Frowne is the real name of the sixteen-year-old girl whose story follows. It was dictated by her to Mr. Sydney Reid, who has also procured many of the other life stories for this volume, and was afterward read over to herself and relatives and pronounced accurate in all respects. Brownsville is the Jewish sweatshop district of Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY mother was a tall, handsome, dark complexioned woman with red cheeks, large brown eyes and a great quantity of jet black, wavy hair. She was well educated, being able to talk in Russian, German, Polish and French, and even to read English print, though of course she did not know what it meant. She kept a little grocer's shop in the little village where we lived at first. That was in Poland, somewhere on the frontier, and mother had charge of a gate between the countries, so that everybody who came through the gate had to show her a pass. She was much looked up to by the people, who used to come and ask her for advice. Her word was like law among them.

She had a wagon in which she used to drive about the country, selling her groceries, and

sometimes she worked in the fields with my father.

The grocer's shop was only one story high, and had one window, with very small panes of glass. We had two rooms behind it, and were happy while my father lived, although we had to work very hard. By the time I was six years of age I was able to wash dishes and scrub floors, and by the time I was eight I attended to the shop while my mother was away driving her wagon or working in the fields with my father. She was strong and could work like a man.

When I was a little more than ten years of age my father died. He was a good man and a steady worker, and we never knew what it was to be hungry while he lived. After he died troubles began, for the rent of our shop was about $6 a month and then there were food and clothes to provide. We needed little, it is true, but even soup, black bread and onions we could not always get.

We struggled along till I was nearly thirteen years of age and quite handy at housework and shop-keeping, so far as I could learn them there. But we fell behind in the rent and mother kept thinking more and more that we should have to leave Poland and go across the sea to America where we heard it was much easier to make money. Mother wrote to Aunt Fanny, who lived in New York, and told her how hard it was to live in Poland,

and Aunt Fanny advised her to come and bring me. I was out at service at this time and mother thought she would leave me—as I had a good place—and come to this country alone, sending for me afterward. But Aunt Fanny would not hear of this. She said we should both come at once, and she went around among our relatives in New York and took up a subscription for our passage.

We came by steerage on a steamship in a very dark place that smelt dreadfully. There were hundreds of other people packed in with us, men, women and children, and almost all of them were sick. It took us twelve days to cross the sea, and we thought we should die, but at last the voyage was over, and we came up and saw the beautiful bay and the big woman with the spikes on her head and the lamp that is lighted at night in her hand (Goddess of Liberty).

Aunt Fanny and her husband met us at the gate of this country and were very good to us, and soon I had a place to live out (domestic servant), while my mother got work in a factory making white goods.

I was only a little over thirteen years of age and a greenhorn, so I received $9 a month and board and lodging, which I thought was doing well. Mother, who, as I have said, was very clever, made $9 a week on white goods, which means all sorts of underclothing, and is high class work.

But mother had a very gay disposition. She liked to go around and see everything, and friends took her about New York at night and she caught a bad cold and coughed and coughed. She really had hasty consumption, but she didn't know it, and I didn't know it, and she tried to keep on working, but it was no use. She had not the strength. Two doctors attended her, but they could do nothing, and at last she died and I was left alone. I had saved money while out at service, but mother's sickness and funeral swept it all away and now I had to begin all over again.

Aunt Fanny had always been anxious for me to get an education, as I did not know how to read or write, and she thought that was wrong. Schools are different in Poland from what they are in this country, and I was always too busy to learn to read and write. So when mother died I thought I would try to learn a trade and then I could go to school at night and learn to speak the English language well.

So I went to work in Allen street (Manhattan) in what they call a sweatshop, making skirts by machine. I was new at the work and the foreman scolded me a great deal.

"Now, then," he would say, "this place is not for you to be looking around in. Attend to your work. That is what you have to do.

I did not know at first that you must not

look around and talk, and I made many mistakes with the sewing, so that I was often called a "stupid animal." But I made $4 a week by working six days in the week. For there are two Sabbaths here—our own Sabbath, that comes on a Saturday, and the Christian Sabbath that comes on Sunday. It is against our law to work on our own Sabbath, so we work on their Sabbath.

In Poland I and my father and mother used to go to the synagogue on the Sabbath, but here the women don't go to the synagogue much, though the men do. They are shut up working hard all the week long and when the Sabbath comes they like to sleep long in bed and afterward they must go out where they can breathe the air. The rabbis are strict here, but not so strict as in the old country.

I lived at this time with a girl named Ella, who worked in the same factory and made $5 a week. We had the room all to ourselves, paying $1.50 a week for it, and doing light housekeeping. It was in Allen street, and the window looked out of the back, which was good, because there was an elevated railroad in front, and in summer time a great deal of dust and dirt came in at the front windows. We were on the fourth story and could see all that was going on in the back rooms of the houses behind us, and early in the morning the sun used to come in our window.

We did our cooking on an oil stove, and

lived well, as this list of our expenses for one week will show:

Ella and Sadie for Food (one week)	
Tea	$0.06
Cocoa	.10
Bread and rolls	.40
Canned vegetables	.20
Potatoes	.10
Milk	.21
Fruit	.20
Butter	.15
Meat	.60
Fish	.15
Laundry	.25
Total	$2.42
Add rent	1.50
Grand total	$3.92

Of course, we could have lived cheaper, but we are both fond of good things and felt that we could afford them.

We paid 18 cents for a half pound of tea so as to get it good, and it lasted us three weeks, because we had cocoa for breakfast. We paid 5 cents for six rolls and 5 cents a loaf for bread, which was the best quality. Oatmeal cost us 10 cents for three and one-half pounds, and we often had it in the morning, or Indian meal porridge in the place of it, costing about the same. Half a dozen eggs cost about 13 cents on an average, and we

could get all the meat we wanted for a good hearty meal for 20 cents—two pounds of chops, or a steak, or a bit of veal, or a neck of lamb—something like that. Fish included butter fish, porgies, codfish and smelts, averaging about 8 cents a pound.

Some people who buy at the last of the market, when the men with the carts want to go home, can get things very cheap, but they are likely to be stale, and we did not often do that with fish, fresh vegetables, fruit, milk or meat. Things that kept well we did buy that way and got good bargains. I got thirty potatoes for 10 cents one time, though generally I could not get more than fifteen of them for that amount. Tomatoes, onions and cabbages, too, we bought that way and did well, and we found a factory where we could buy the finest broken crackers for 3 cents a pound, and another place where we got broken candy for 10 cents a pound. Our cooking was done on an oil stove, and the oil for the stove and the lamp cost us 10 cents a week.

It cost me $2 a week to live, and I had a dollar a week to spend on clothing and pleasure, and saved the other dollar. I went to night school, but it was hard work learning at first as I did not know much English.

Two years ago I came to Brownsville, where so many of my people are, and where I have friends. I got work in a factory making underskirts—all sorts of cheap underskirts,

like cotton and calico for the summer and woolen for the winter, but never the silk, satin or velvet underskirts. I earned $4.50 a week and lived on $2 a week, the same as before.

I got a room in the house of some friends who lived near the factory. I pay $1 a week for the room and am allowed to do light housekeeping—that is, cook my meals in it. I get my own breakfast in the morning, just a cup of coffee and a roll, and at noon time I come home to dinner and take a plate of soup and a slice of bread with the lady of the house. My food for a week costs a dollar, just as it did in Allen street, and I have the rest of my money to do as I like with. I am earning $5.50 a week now, and will probably get another increase soon.

It isn't piecework in our factory, but one is paid by the amount of work done just the same. So it is like piecework. All the hands get different amounts, some as low as $3.50 and some of the men as high as $16 a week. The factory is in the third story of a brick building. It is in a room twenty feet long and fourteen broad. There are fourteen machines in it. I and the daughter of the people with whom I live work two of these machines. The other operators are all men, some young and some old.

At first a few of the young men were rude. When they passed me they would touch my hair and talk about my eyes and my red

cheeks, and make jokes. I cried and said that if they did not stop I would leave the place. The boss said that that should not be, that no one must annoy me. Some of the other men stood up for me, too, especially Henry, who said two or three times that he wanted to fight. Now the men all treat me very nicely. It was just that some of them did not know better, not being educated.

Henry is tall and dark, and he has a small mustache. His eyes are brown and large. He is pale and much educated, having been to school. He knows a great many things and has some money saved. I think nearly $400. He is not going to be in a sweatshop all the time, but will soon be in the real estate business, for a lawyer that knows him well has promised to open an office and pay him to manage it.

Henry has seen me home every night for a long time and makes love to me. He wants me to marry him, but I am not seventeen yet, and I think that is too young. He is only nineteen, so we can wait.

I have been to the fortune teller's three or four times, and she always tells me that though I have had such a lot of trouble I am to be very rich and happy. I believe her because she has told me so many things that have come true. So I will keep on working in the factory for a time. Of course it is hard, but I would have to work hard even if I was married.

I get up at half-past five o'clock every morning and make myself a cup of coffee on the oil stove. I eat a bit of bread and perhaps some fruit and then go to work. Often I get there soon after six o'clock so as to be in good time, though the factory does not open till seven. I have heard that there is a sort of clock that calls you at the very time you want to get up, but I can't believe that because I don't see how the clock would know.

At seven o'clock we all sit down to our machines and the boss brings to each one the pile of work that he or she is to finish during the day, what they call in English their " stint." This pile is put down beside the machine and as soon as a skirt is done it is laid on the other side of the machine. Sometimes the work is not all finished by six o'clock and then the one who is behind must work overtime. Sometimes one is finished ahead of time and gets away at four or five o'clock, but generally we are not done till six o'clock.

The machines go like mad all day, because the faster you work the more money you get. Sometimes in my haste I get my finger caught and the needle goes right through it. It goes so quick, though, that it does not hurt much. I bind the finger up with a piece of cotton and go on working. We all have accidents like that. Where the needle goes through the nail it makes a sore finger, or where it splinters a bone it does much harm. Sometimes a finger

has to come off. Generally, though, one can be cured by a salve.

All the time we are working the boss walks about examining the finished garments and making us do them over again if they are not just right. So we have to be careful as well as swift. But I am getting so good at the work that within a year I will be making $7 a week, and then I can save at least $3.50 a week. I have over $200 saved now.

The machines are all run by foot-power, and at the end of the day one feels so weak that there is a great temptation to lie right down and sleep. But you must go out and get air, and have some pleasure. So instead of lying down I go out, generally with Henry. Sometimes we go to Coney Island, where there are good dancing places, and sometimes we go to Ulmer Park to picnics. I am very fond of dancing, and, in fact, all sorts of pleasure. I go to the theater quite often, and like those plays that make you cry a great deal. "The Two Orphans" is good. Last time I saw it I cried all night because of the hard times that the children had in the play. I am going to see it again when it comes here.

For the last two winters I have been going to night school. I have learned reading, writing and arithmetic. I can read quite well in English now and I look at the newspapers every day. I read English books, too, some-

times. The last one that I read was "A Mad Marriage," by Charlotte Braeme. She's a grand writer and makes things just like real to you. You feel as if you were the poor girl yourself going to get married to a rich duke.

I am going back to night school again this winter. Plenty of my friends go there. Some of the women in my class are more than forty years of age. Like me, they did not have a chance to learn anything in the old country. It is good to have an education; it makes you feel higher. Ignorant people are all low. People say now that I am clever and fine in conversation.

We recently finished a strike in our business. It spread all over and the United Brotherhood of Garment Workers was in it. That takes in the cloakmakers, coatmakers, and all the others. We struck for shorter hours, and after being out four weeks won the fight. We only have to work nine and a half hours a day and we get the same pay as before. So the union does good after all in spite of what some people say against it—that it just takes our money and does nothing.

I pay 25 cents a month to the union, but I do not begrudge that because it is for our benefit. The next strike is going to be for a raise of wages, which we all ought to have. But though I belong to the Union I am not a Socialist or an Anarchist. I don't know exactly

what those things mean. There is a little expense for charity, too. If any worker is injured or sick we all give money to help.

Some of the women blame me very much because I spend so much money on clothes. They say that instead of a dollar a week I ought not to spend more than twenty-five cents a week on clothes, and that I should save the rest. But a girl must have clothes if she is to go into good society at Ulmer Park or Coney Island or the theater. Those who blame me are the old country people who have old-fashioned notions, but the people who have been here a long time know better. A girl who does not dress well is stuck in a corner, even if she is pretty, and Aunt Fanny says that I do just right to put on plenty of style.

I have many friends and we often have jolly parties. Many of the young men like to talk to me, but I don't go out with any except Henry.

Lately he has been urging me more and more to get married—but I think I'll wait.

CHAPTER III

THE LIFE STORY OF AN ITALIAN BOOTBLACK

Rocco Corresca is the official name of the young bootblack who is the hero of this chapter, although he is known to most of his friends and patrons as "Joe." He claims that he has always been called Rocco but that the name Corresca was given him when he went aboard the ship that brought him to America. It was thus entered on the steerage list and he has since kept it.

WHEN I was a very small boy I lived in Italy in a large house with many other small boys, who were all dressed alike and were taken care of by some nuns. It was a good place, situated on the side of the mountain, where grapes were growing and melons and oranges and plums.

They taught us our letters and how to pray and say the catechism, and we worked in the fields during the middle of the day. We always had enough to eat and good beds to sleep in at night, and sometimes there were feast days, when we marched about wearing flowers.

Those were good times and they lasted till I was nearly eight years of age. Then an old man came and said he was my grandfather. He showed some papers and cried

over me and said that the money had come at last and now he could take me to his beautiful home. He seemed very glad to see me and after they looked at his papers he took me away and we went to the big city—Naples He kept talking about his beautiful house, but when we got there it was a dark cellar that he lived in and I did not like it at all. Very rich people were on the first floor. They had carriages and servants and music and plenty of good things to eat, but we were down below in the cellar and had nothing. There were four other boys in the cellar and the old man said they were all my brothers. All were larger than I and they beat me at first till one day Francesco said that they should not beat me any more, and then Paolo, who was the largest of all, fought him till Francesco drew a knife and gave him a cut. Then Paolo, too, got a knife and said that he would kill Francesco, but the old man knocked them both down with a stick and took their knives away and gave them beatings.

Each morning we boys all went out to beg and we begged all day near the churches and at night near the theaters, running to the carriages and opening the doors and then getting in the way of the people so that they had to give us money or walk over us. The old man often watched us and at night he took all the money, except when we could hide something.

We played tricks on the people, for when

we saw some coming that we thought were rich I began to cry and covered my face and stood on one foot, and the others gathered around me and said:

"Don't cry! Don't cry!"

Then the ladies would stop and ask: "What is he crying about? What is the matter, little boy?"

Francesco or Paolo would answer: "He is very sad because his mother is dead and they have laid her in the grave."

Then the ladies would give me money and the others would take most of it from me.

The old man told us to follow the Americans and the English people, as they were all rich, and if we annoyed them enough they would give us plenty of money. He taught us that if a young man was walking with a young woman he would always give us silver because he would be ashamed to let the young woman see him give us less. There was also a great church where sick people were cured by the saints, and when they came out they were so glad that they gave us money.

Begging was not bad in the summer time because we went all over the streets and there was plenty to see, and if we got much money we could spend some buying things to eat. The old man knew we did that. He used to feel us and smell us to see if we had eaten anything, and he often beat us for eating when we had not eaten.

Early in the morning we had breakfast of black bread rubbed over with garlic or with a herring to give it a flavor. The old man would eat the garlic or the herring himself, but he would rub our bread with it, which he said was as good. He told us that boys should not be greedy and that it was good to fast and that all the saints had fasted. He had a figure of a saint in one corner of the cellar and prayed night and morning that the saint would help him to get money. He made us pray, too, for he said that it was good luck to be religious.

We used to sleep on the floor, but often we could not sleep much because men came in very late at night and played cards with the old man. He sold them wine from a barrel that stood on one end of the table that was there, and if they drank much he won their money. One night he won so much that he was glad and promised the saint some candles for his altar in the church. But that was to get more money. Two nights after that the same men who had lost the money came back and said that they wanted to play again. They were very friendly and laughing, but they won all the money and the old man said they were cheating. So they beat him and went away. When he got up again he took a stick and knocked down the saint's figure and said that he would give no more candles.

I was with the old man for three years. I

don't believe that he was my grandfather, though he must have known something about me because he had those papers.

It was very hard in the winter time for we had no shoes and we shivered a great deal. The old man said that we were no good, that we were ruining him, that we did not bring in enough money. He told me that I was fat and that people would not give money to fat beggars. He beat me, too, because I didn't like to steal, as I had heard it was wrong.

"Ah!" said he, "that is what they taught you at that place, is it? To disobey your grandfather that fought with Garibaldi! That is a fine religion!"

The others all stole as well as begged, but I didn't like it and Francesco didn't like it either.

Then the old man said to me: "If you don't want to be a thief you can be a cripple. That is an easy life and they make a great deal of money."

I was frightened then, and that night I heard him talking to one of the men that came to see him. He asked how much he would charge to make me a good cripple like those that crawl about the church. They had a dispute, but at last they agreed and the man said that I should be made so that people would shudder and give me plenty of money.

I was much frightened, but I did not make a sound and in the morning I went out to beg

with Francesco. I said to him: "I am going to run away. I don't believe 'Tony is my grandfather. I don't believe that he fought for Garibaldi, and I don't want to be a cripple, no matter how much money the people may give."

"Where will you go?" Francesco asked me.

"I don't know," I said; "somewhere."

He thought awhile and then he said: "I will go, too."

So we ran away out of the city and begged from the country people as we went along. We came to a village down by the sea and a long way from Naples and there we found some fishermen and they took us aboard their boat. We were with them five years, and though it was a very hard life we liked it well because there was always plenty to eat. Fish do not keep long and those that we did not sell we ate.

The chief fisherman, whose name was Ciguciano, had a daughter, Teresa, who was very beautiful, and though she was two years younger than I, she could cook and keep house quite well. She was a kind, good girl and he was a good man. When we told him about the old man who told us he was our grandfather, the fisherman said he was an old rascal who should be in prison for life. Teresa cried much when she heard that he was going to make me a cripple. Ciguciano said that all the old man had taught us was wrong—

that it was bad to beg, to steal and to tell lies. He called in the priest and the priest said the same thing and was very angry at the old man in Naples, and he taught us to read and write in the evenings. He also taught us our duties to the church and said that the saints were good and would only help men to do good things, and that it was a wonder that lightning from heaven had not struck the old man dead when he knocked down the saint's figure.

We grew large and strong with the fisherman and he told us that we were getting too big for him, that he could not afford to pay us the money that we were worth. He was a fine, honest man—one in a thousand.

Now and then I had heard things about America—that it was a far-off country where everybody was rich and that Italians went there and made plenty of money, so that they could return to Italy and live in pleasure ever after. One day I met a young man who pulled out a handful of gold and told me he had made that in America in a few days.

I said I should like to go there, and he told me that if I went he would take care of me. and see that I was safe. I told Francesco and he wanted to go, too. So we said good-bye to our good friends. Teresa cried and kissed us both and the priest came and shook our hands and told us to be good men, and that no matter where we went God and his saints were always near us and that if we lived well we should all

meet again in heaven. We cried, too, for it was our home, that place. Ciguciano gave us money and slapped us on the back and said that we should be great. But he felt bad, too, at seeing us go away after all that time.

The young man took us to a big ship and got us work away down where the fires are. We had to carry coal to the place where it could be thrown on the fires. Francesco and I were very sick from the great heat at first and lay on the coal for a long time, but they threw water on us and made us get up. We could not stand on our feet well, for everything was going around and we had no strength. We said that we wished we had stayed in Italy no matter how much gold there was in America. We could not eat for three days and could not do much work. Then we got better and sometimes we went up above and looked about. There was no land anywhere and we were much surprised. How could the people tell where to go when there was no land to steer by?

We were so long on the water that we began to think we should never get to America or that, perhaps, there was not any such place, but at last we saw land and came up to New York.

We were glad to get over without giving money, but I have heard since that we should have been paid for our work among the coal and that the young man who had sent us got

money for it. We were all landed on an island and the bosses there said that Francesco and I must go back because we had not enough money, but a man named Bartolo came up and told them that we were brothers and he was our uncle and would take care of us. He brought two other men who swore that they knew us in Italy and that Bartolo was our uncle. I had never seen any of them before, but even then Bartolo might be my uncle, so I did not say anything. The bosses of the island let us go out with Bartolo after he had made the oath.

We came to Brooklyn, New York, to a wooden house in Adams street that was full of Italians from Naples. Bartolo had a room on the third floor and there were fifteen men in the room, all boarding with Bartolo. He did the cooking on a stove in the middle of the room and there were beds all around the sides, one bed above another. It was very hot in the room, but we were soon asleep, for we were very tired.

The next morning, early, Bartolo told us to go out and pick rags and get bottles. He gave us bags and hooks and showed us the ash barrels. On the streets where the fine houses are the people are very careless and put out good things, like mattresses and umbrellas, clothes, hats and boots. We brought all these to Bartolo and he made them new again and sold them on the sidewalk; but mostly we

brought rags and bones. The rags we had to wash in the back yard and then we hung them to dry on lines under the ceiling in our room. The bones we kept under the beds till Bartolo could find a man to buy them.

Most of the men in our room worked at digging the sewer. Bartolo got them the work and they paid him about one-quarter of their wages. Then he charged them for board and he bought the clothes for them, too. So they got little money after all.

Bartolo was always saying that the rent of the room was so high that he could not make anything, but he was really making plenty. He was what they call a padrone and is now a very rich man. The men that were living with him had just come to the country and could not speak English. They had all been sent by the young man we met in Italy. Bartolo told us all that we must work for him and that if we did not the police would come and put us in prison.

He gave us very little money, and our clothes were some of those that were found on the street. Still we had enough to eat and we had meat quite often, which we never had in Italy. Bartolo got it from the butcher—the meat that he could not sell to the other people—but it was quite good meat. Bartolo cooked it in the pan while we all sat on our beds in the evening. Then he cut it into small bits and passed the pan around, saying:

"See what I do for you and yet you are not glad. I am too kind a man, that is why I am so poor."

We were with Bartolo nearly a year, but some of our countrymen who had been in the place a long time said that Bartolo had no right to us and we could get work for a dollar and a half a day, which, when you make it *lire* (reckoned in the Italian currency) is very much. So we went away one day to Newark and got work on the street. Bartolo came after us and make a great noise, but the boss said that if he did not go away soon the police would have him. Then he went, saying that there was no justice in this country.

We paid a man five dollars each for getting us the work and we were with that boss for six months. He was Irish, but a good man and he gave us our money every Saturday night. We lived much better than with Bartolo, and when the work was done we each had nearly $200 saved. Plenty of the men spoke English and they taught us, and we taught them to read and write. That was at night, for we had a lamp in our room, and there were only five other men who lived in that room with us.

We got up at half-past five o'clock every morning and made coffee on the stove and had a breakfast of bread and cheese, onions, garlic and red herrings. We went to work at seven o'clock and in the middle of the day we had soup and bread in a place where we got it for

two cents a plate. In the evenings we had a good dinner with meat of some kind and potatoes. We got from the butcher the meat that other people would not buy because they said it was old, but they don't know what is good. We paid four or five cents a pound for it and it was the best, though I have heard of people paying sixteen cents a pound.

When the Newark boss told us that there was no more work Francesco and I talked about what we would do and we went back to Brooklyn to a saloon near Hamilton Ferry where we got a job cleaning it out and slept in a little room upstairs. There was a bootblack named Michael on the corner and when I had time I helped him and learned the business. Francesco cooked the lunch in the saloon and he, too, worked for the bootblack and we were soon able to make the best polish.

Then we thought we would go into business and we got a basement on Hamilton avenue, near the Ferry, and put four chairs in it. We paid $75 for the chairs and all the other things. We had tables and looking glasses there and curtains. We took the papers that have the pictures in and made the place high toned. Outside we had a big sign that said:

THE BEST SHINE FOR TEN CENTS

Men that did not want to pay ten cents could get a good shine for five cents, but it was not an oil shine. We had two boys helping us and paid each of them fifty cents a day. The rent of the place was $20 a month, so the expenses were very great, but we made money from the beginning. We slept in the basement, but got our meals in the saloon till we could put a stove in our place, and then Francesco cooked for us all. That would not do, though, because some of our customers said that they did not like to smell garlic and onions and red herrings. I thought that was strange, but we had to do what the customers said. So we got the woman who lived upstairs to give us our meals and paid her $1.50 a week each. She gave the boys soup in the middle of the day—five cents for two plates.

We remembered the priest, the friend of Ciguciano, and what he had said to us about religion, and as soon as we came to the country we began to go to the Italian church. The priest we found here was a good man, but he asked the people for money for the church. The Italians did not like to give because they said it looked like buying religion. The priest says it is different here from Italy because all the churches there are what they call endowed, while here all they have is what the people give. Of course I and Francisco understand that, but the Italians who cannot read and

write shake their heads and say that it is wrong for a priest to want money.

We had said that when we saved $1,000 each we would go back to Italy and buy a farm, but now that the time is coming we are so busy and making so much money that we think we will stay. We have opened another parlor near South Ferry, in New York. We have to pay $30 a month rent, but the business is very good. The boys in this place charge sixty cents a day because there is so much work.

At first we did not know much of this country, but by and by we learned. There are here plenty of Protestants who are heretics, but they have a religion, too. Many of the finest churches are Protestant, but they have no saints and no altars, which seems strange.

These people are without a king such as ours in Italy. It is what they call a Republic, as Garibaldi wanted, and every year in the fall the people vote. They wanted us to vote last fall, but we did not. A man came and said that he would get us made Americans for fifty cents and then we could get two dollars for our votes. I talked to some of our people and they told me that we should have to put a paper in a box telling who we wanted to govern us.

I went with five men to the court and when they asked me how long I had been in the country I told them two years. Afterward

my countrymen said I was a fool and would never learn politics.

"You should have said you were five years here and then we would swear to it," was what they told me.

I and Francesco are to be Americans in three years. The court gave us papers and said we must wait and we must be able to read some things and tell who the ruler of the country is.

There are plenty of rich Italians here, men who a few years ago had nothing and now have so much money that they could not count all their dollars in a week. The richest ones go away from the other Italians and live with the Americans.

We have joined a club and have much pleasure in the evenings. The club has rooms down in Sackett street and we meet many people and are learning new things all the time. We were very ignorant when we came here, but now we have learned much.

On Sundays we get a horse and carriage from the grocer and go down to Coney Island. We go to the theaters often, and other evenings we go to the houses of our friends and play cards.

I am now nineteen years of age and have $700 saved. Francesco is twenty-one and has about $900. We shall open some more parlors soon. I know an Italian who was a bootblack ten years ago and now bosses bootblacks

all over the city, who has so much money that if it was turned into gold it would weigh more than himself.

Francesco and I have a room to ourselves and some people call us " swells." Ciguciano said that we should be great men. Francesco bought a gold watch with a gold chain as thick as his thumb. He is a very handsome fellow and I think he likes a young lady that he met at a picnic out at Ridgewood.

I often think of Ciguciano and Teresa. He is a good man, one in a thousand, and she was very beautiful. Maybe I shall write to them about coming to this country.

CHAPTER IV

THE LIFE STORY OF A GREEK PEDDLER

This chapter is contributed by a Spartan now living in a suburb near New York City.

I WAS born about forty years ago in a little hamlet among the mountains of Laconia in Greece. There were only about 200 people in this place, and they lived in stone huts or cottages, some of which were two stories high, but most of them only one story. The people were shepherds or small farmers, with the exception of the priest and schoolmaster.

Two of the houses pretended to the character of village stores, but they kept only the simplest, cheapest things, and as a general rule, when we wanted to buy anything we had to go down to Sparta, the chief town of our State, which was two hours' walk away from our village. There was not even a blacksmith shop in our town.

But the people did very well without shops. They made almost everything for themselves. The inside of the cottage consisted of one large room with a board floor. Sometimes there were partitions inside the cottage, making several rooms, but everything was very

simple. The fireplace at one end of the room was large and open; beds were made of boards covered with hay, and stools and tables comprised about all the remainder of the furniture. Cooking was done on an iron tripod with the fire underneath.

Cotton goods we bought in Sparta, but we seldom bought anything else. We made all our own clothing, shearing the sheep, washing the wool, carding, spinning and weaving by hand as they did in the time of Homer. We made our own butter and our own wine, ground our own wheat and oats into flour and meal and did our own baking.

Our farms varied in size from ten to forty acres, and we raised on them such things as are raised here in America—all the grains and most of the fruits and vegetables. We plowed with oxen, thrashed with flails, winnowed by hand, and ground our grain in a mortar.

We had very little money, and so little use for money that the currency might almost as well have been the iron sort of our remote forefathers.

There was a little school in the town—there are schools all over Greece now—and most of the people could read and write, so they were not entirely ignorant; yet they had small knowledge of the world, and there were many, especially among the women, who knew almost nothing of what lay beyond the boundaries of their farms.

True, by climbing Mount Taygetos, where the Spartans used to expose their children not physically perfect, one could get a wide view of the surrounding sea with its ships and the shore with its cities, but the top of Taygetos was a day's journey from our village, and few of us had time or inclination to make the trip.

All people who were able worked from sunrise to sunset, the men on their farms or with the sheep, the women in the houses, spinning, weaving, making clothes or baking. If they did not know much about the great world, they also cared less. Now and then some one went down to Sparta and came home filled with its wonders, for Sparta has 15,000 inhabitants and is quite a bright little modern city, with horse cars, street gas lamps and a mayor.

Narrow as our lives might be considered by Americans, there was plenty to interest us in the success or failure of our crops and our little plans, and, considering matters from the standpoint of our wants and our needs, we were certainly prosperous and happy. Most of us eat only one meal a day, but it was a hearty, healthy meal, and though we knew that some of the richer people ate two, the fashion did not commend itself to us. Like all Greeks, we were naturally inclined to temperance. There was no gluttony and no drunkenness, although we had plenty of good strong wine.

Forty days of the year were saints' days,

and on those we feasted and did no work. We dressed in our best clothes and, gathering in one of the best houses, we danced to the music of the violin and guitar.

Sometimes there came an election, and then the men always carried rifles with them to the polling places, and around their waists were sashes stuck full of daggers and pistols, making them look wild and dangerous. But really there was seldom any fighting. In the first place, there were soldiers around the polling places and the elections were honest; in the second place, the armed peasants stayed sober, and in the third place, there was no stump speaking such as here, and no newspaper attacks, where the candidate of the opposite party is called a robber and accused of all manner of crimes. Feeling ran high at our elections and partisanship was bitter, but did not often lead to fights, because there was no speaking, no incitement.

The people are naturally very peaceful. They carry arms because it is their custom, coming down from the times when the Turks were in the country and the Greeks had to retire into the mountains and maintain constant watch in order to save themselves and their families from Turkish outrage and brutality.

I don't know on what lines the parties were drawn, or what principles they advocated. I

think that the difference was just that some were in power and some were out, and that those who were out wanted to get in.

All loved our king and the royal family. Next to God we revered the king, and his whole family shared our love for him. Greeks are very democratic, but the members of this royal family are fit to be the first citizens in a pure democracy—they have done so much for the country and for all the people.

As I said, the people, in spite of their arms, are very peaceful. There is no brigandage, and murder in our locality occurred not more than once in ten years. There used to be a great deal of what was called brigandage in Turkish times, but it has all passed away. When the Turks retired, two-thirds of the land which had belonged to Turks came into the hands of the nation, and since that time the class of people who were formerly robbed and harried and oppressed until they were driven into brigandage has been encouraged to take to agriculture. Now there is no more Government land. The people have bought it all up, and although they have little money they are tolerably happy and prosperous.

On Sundays in our little village we dressed in our best clothes, and went to the church, where we heard the old priest, whom we all respected. There was only one church there, the Greek Orthodox, and though religion was

free and a man could worship as he pleased, or not worship at all, there were no dissenters among us.

At the same time there was little superstition, to the best of my knowledge. Few believed in ghosts or fairies, or any sort of supernatural appearances; nor did they believe in modern miracles, and our respect for the saints was for men who had laid down their lives for Christianity. We had no sacred relics that miraculously restored health, and knew of none.

The only encounter with the supernatural that I ever had occurred when I was about ten years of age.

My grandmother needed a pound of wool to finish some sort of blanket she was weaving, and she sent me to the house of a neighbor, who lived far away. I set out riding a jackass and followed by a dog. I had not gone far when I met a little girl carrying a cat.

At the sight of my dog, down jumped the cat and ran for her life; the dog dashed after her, I dashed after dog, the little girl after me. The only one who maintained his dignity was the jackass. Cat, dog and myself all fell into a stream, and when I emerged and presented the cat to the little girl I was dripping. She invited me to her house to dry, and there her mother fitted me out with the clothes of her little son, who had died a short time before. She said I looked just like him, and tearfully

begged me to stay over night. I finally consented as my grandmother would not expect me back the next day.

She put me in the little boy's bed, and went away, after bidding me good night. I went to sleep immediately, but woke up later and was horrified to see a large, round eye glaring at me. It was very large, about ten inches in diameter. I tried to scream, but I could not, and my fear was increased by the sound of footsteps coming toward me. I was sure it was the dead boy coming to avenge my taking his clothes and bed. Finally I was able to speak, and I said:

"Don't hurt me; I am going away, and I will not take the clothes with me."

But the footsteps continued to come directly toward me.

Then I jumped from my bed and desperately grabbed at the approaching thing. I seized a hairy head and pair of horns, and was more frightened than ever, feeling sure that I had caught the devil. But when the woman and the little girl came in laughing, with a light, the devil turned into the pet goat, which used to play with the little boy. The round eye also turned into a mirror.

Of the past of our country we knew little. We only knew that once Greece had been great, the light of the world, and we hoped that the time was coming when she would again resume her leadership of men. There

were no ruins and no legends and traditions among us.

The school in my little village had only four grades, and when I had gone through those I was sent to Sparta to the High School. There I continued my education much as an American boy would do. Greece has a fine system of schools, established by the Government.

We had play in plenty. We played with marbles and tops and kites, and we practiced many of the classic sports, like running, and pitching flat stones at a mark, like quoits, or throwing the discus. We were great hands at wrestling, and in certain seasons of the year we hunted and shot partridges, rabbits and ducks.

When I had finished in the High School, I went to Athens, to an uncle who was in the drug business. I worked for him for a few years, and then had to enter the army, where I spent two years in which there was nothing of particular interest.

All these later years I had been hearing from America. An elder brother was there who had found it a fine country and was urging me to join him. Fortunes could easily be made, he said. I got a great desire to see it, and in one way and another I raised the money for fare—250 francs—and set sail from the Piræus, the old port of Athens, situated five miles from that city. The ship was a French liner of 6,000 tons, and I was a deck

passenger, carrying my own food and sleeping on the boards as long as we were in the Mediterranean Sea, which was four days.

As soon as we entered the ocean matters changed for the better. I got a berth and the ship supplied my food. Nothing extraordinary occurred on the voyage and when I reached New York I got ashore without any trouble.

New York astonished me by its size and magnificence, the buildings shooting up like mountain peaks, the bridge hanging in the sky, the crowds of ships and the elevated railways. I think that the elevated railways astonished me more than anything else.

I got work immediately as a push cart man. There was six of us in a company. We all lived together in two rooms down on Washington street and kept the push carts in the cellar. Five of us took out carts every day and one was buyer, whom we called boss. He had no authority over us; we were all free. At the end of our day's work we all divided up our money even, each man getting the same amount out of the common fund—the boss no more than any other.

That system prevails among all the push-cart men in the City of New York—practical communism, all sharing alike. The buyer is chosen by vote.

The buyer goes to the markets and gets the stock for the next day, which is carried to the

cellar in a wagon. Sometimes buying takes a long time, if the price of fruit is up, for the buyer has to get things as cheaply as possible. Sometimes when prices are down he buys enough for a week. He gets the fruit home before evening, and then it is ready for the next day.

I found the push cart work not unpleasant, so far as the work itself was concerned. I began at nine o'clock in the morning and quit about six o'clock at night. I could not speak English and did not know enough to pay the police, so I was hunted when I tried to get the good place like Nassau Street, or near the Bridge entrance. Once a policeman struck me on the leg with his club so hard that I could not work for two weeks. That is wrong to strike like that a man who could not speak English.

Push cart peddlers who pay the police, make $500 to $1,000 a year clear of board and all expenses, and actually save that amount in the bank; but those who don't pay the police make from $200 to $300 a year. All the men in the good places pay the police. Some pay $2 a day each and some $1 a day, and from that down to 25 cents. A policeman collects regularly, and we don't know what he does with the money, but, of course, we suspect. The captain passes by and he must know; the sergeant comes along and he must know.

We don't care. It is better to pay and have

the good place; we can afford to pay. One day I made free and clear $10.25 on eighteen boxes of cherries. That was the most I ever made in a day. That was after I paid $1 a day for a good place.

There have been many attempts to organize us for political purposes, but all these have failed. We vote as we please, for the best man. No party owns us.

I soon went on to Chicago and got work there from a countryman who kept a fruit store. He gave me $12 a month and my board, but he wouldn't teach me English. I got so I could say such words as " Cent each," " Five cents for three," " Ten cents a quart," but if I asked the boss the names of things he would say never mind, it was not good for me to learn English.

I wrote home to my uncle in Athens to send me a Greek-English dictionary, and when it came I studied it all the time and in three months I could speak English quite well. I did not spend a cent and soon found a better job, getting $17 a month and my board. In a little while I had $106 saved, and I opened a little fruit store of my own near the Academy of Music.

One night after ten o'clock my lamp went down very low and I wanted to fill it again. I had a five gallon can of kerosene and a five gallon can of gasolene standing together under the stall, and in the darkness I got out the can

of gasolene. I filled the lamp while it was still burning. It exploded over me and I ran out of the place all in flames. The people were just coming out of the Academy of Music when I rushed among them shouting. Men threw their overcoats about me and put out the flames, but I nearly lost my life. I was taken to a hospital, where I lay for four months. All my hair was burned off, my eyebrows and the skin of my neck and head, and I was in great pain.

Finally I was able to get out, and my landlord took charge of me and started me in business again.

He was a German; I think his name was Hackenbush. At any rate he was very kind. I had not had sense enough to get my store insured, and so had no money when I walked out of the hospital. My landlord stocked it for me with fruits, cigars and candies, and did all he could to put me on my feet, but I had bad luck and gave up.

Then I left Chicago and went roaming, riding about on freight cars looking for work. I had twenty dollars in my pocket when I set out, but it was soon gone. I could get no work. I fell in with a gang of tramps, mostly Irish fellows; we rode generally in the cabooses of freight cars. They used to beg, but I said "No, I'll starve first."

I slept at nights in cemeteries for fear of being arrested as a hobo if I slept in the parks,

and for seven days I lived on eleven cents. On the eighth day I got a job carrying lumber on my shoulder. I worked two days at this and earned three dollars, but was so weak that I had to give it up.

So I went on, riding on top of a freight car. There were three of us on top of that car, two lying down and one sitting up reading a paper. We came to a tunnel, and when we had passed through the man who was reading the paper was gone. When the train made its next stop I and my companion went back and found the missing man lying dead on the track. That ended my riding on top of freight cars. I never tried it again.

I got a job in a bicycle factory soon after this. It paid me nine dollars a week and I could save seven, so I soon had money again; but when the war with Turkey broke out I thought I would go back and fight for Greece and I did, but the war was a disappointment. I was in several battles, such as they were, but no sooner were we soldiers ready to fight than we would all be ordered to go back.

When the war was over I returned to this good country and became a citizen. I got down to business, worked hard and am worth about $50,000 to-day. I have fruit stores and confectionery stores.

There are about 10,000 Greeks in New York now, living in and about Roosevelt, Madison and Washington streets; about 200 of

them are women. They all think this is a fine country. Most of them are citizens. Only about ten per cent. go home again, and of these many return to America, finding that they like their new home better than their old one.

The Greeks here are almost all doing well, there are no beggars and no drunkards among them, and the worst vice they have is gambling.

From Christmas till January 5 of each year there is great gambling in the Greek quarter, especially in the back rooms of the four restaurants. The police know all about it and it is allowed. Each of these restaurants takes in from $50 to $200 a night from gambling during the Christmas celebration. I suppose the police get their share. Poker is a favorite game, and other card games are played, thousands of dollars changing hands among the players.

That is our big spree, taking place once a year. Aside from that, we are very quiet and law abiding.

The Greek push cart men are the Greek newcomers. They all save and they all get up. When they have a little money they open stores of their own, confectionery, flowers and fruit.

We think that the push cart business is good for the city. The fruit is fresh every day, and people get what they want as they pass

along the street. When the push cart men finish selling dear to the people with plenty of money they go and sell cheap to the poor in the evenings. Plenty of fruit is a fine thing for health.

The fruit here, though, is not as good to eat as it is in Greece. The reason is that here it is picked before it is ripe and lies in an ice-house for weeks. That takes all the flavor, and so, though the fruit looks so fine, it has no good taste. The icebox is a bad thing. There is no ice to the fruit in Greece.

We Greeks are doing well here, we are taking citizenship and we like this country; but the condition of the country we have left disturbs us, and we would give all we possess, every cent, all our money and goods, to see Greece free.

Greece, the country as it is to-day, has only 2,500,000 inhabitants, but there are 18,000,000 Greeks living in Turkey under virtual slavery. In the city of Constantinople three out of four inhabitants are Greeks. We want to see them all free.

They are ready for freedom, they are educated. There are ten Greek schools, for every Turkish school in Turkey, and the people are intelligent. The American schools there have done great things, so it would be easy to set up free Greece again in all the country formerly ruled over from Constantinople before the coming of the Turks.

That would have been done long ago were it not for the jealousy of European powers. Even as it is it must soon come—the Turk in Europe is dying fast.

In addition to the schools set up and maintained by the Greek Government and the Americans, there is another source of light in Greece. That is the returned emigrants. Everywhere in Greece now one meets men who have been in America and understand how happy a country may be. They have carried back American ways and ideas, and are Americanizing the whole country. In all the little towns and villages now English is spoken.

Greeks are perhaps better fitted than any others in South Europe to enjoy freedom. They take politics seriously, and believe in voting for the best man.

Free Greece must come soon, but in precisely what shape no one knows. There are so many things to be considered. Constantinople ought to be the capital, but Russia wants Constantinople. Russia is jealous of Greece, as matters are now, because the patriarch head of her church is Greek and resides in Constantinople. She would resist an extension of our power.

Germany and Austria, also, look upon those parts of old Greece which are under Turkish sway with covetous eyes. When

Turkey dies they will present themselves as the natural heirs.

And yet, in spite of all, we Greeks feel that our country will rise again, happy and prosperous, free and glorious, standing once more as leader of the nations.

How this will come we know not; but it will be so, and that within a generation.

CHAPTER V

THE LIFE STORY OF A SWEDISH FARMER

Axel Jarlson, the author of the following biography, is twenty-two years of age and a fine specimen of the large, strong, energetic, blonde Norseman. He speaks good English and his story, written from an interview given on his way through New York to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents in the old country, is practically given in his own words. His family's experience resembles that of great numbers of his countrymen, who come here intending to return finally to the old country, but find themselves unconsciously Americanized.

I CAN remember perfectly well the day when my elder brother, Gustaf, started for America. It was in April, 1891, and there was snow on the ground about our cottage, while the forest that covered the hills near by was still deep with snow. The roads were very bad, but my uncle Olaf, who had been to America often on the ships, said that this was the time to start, because work on the farms there would just be beginning.

We were ten in the family, father and mother and eight children, and we had lived very happily in our cottage until the last year, when father and mother were both sick and we got into debt. Father had a little piece of land—about two acres—which he rented, and besides, he worked in the summer time for a

farmer. Two of my sisters and three of my brothers also worked in the fields, but the pay was so very small that it was hard for us to get enough to eat. A good farm hand in our part of Sweden, which is 200 miles north of Stockholm and near the Baltic Sea, can earn about 100 kroner a season, and a kroner is 27 cents. But the winter is six months long, and most of that time the days are dark, except from ten o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon. The only way our family could get money during the winter was by making something that could be sold in the market town, ten miles away. So my father and brothers did wood carving and cabinet making, and my mother and sisters knitted stockings, caps and mufflers and made home-spun cloth, and also butter and cheese, for we owned two cows.

But the Swedish people who have money hold on to it very tight, and often we took things to market and then had to bring them home again, for no one would buy.

My uncle Olaf used to come to us between voyages, and he was all the time talking about America; what a fine place it was to make money in. He said that he would long ago have settled down on shore there, but that he had a mate's place on a ship and hoped some day to be captain. In America they gave you good land for nothing, and in two years you could be a rich man; and no one had to go in

the army unless he wanted to. That was what my uncle told us.

There was a school house to which I and two of my sisters went all the winter—for education is compulsory in Sweden—and the schoolmaster told us one day about the great things that poor Swedes had done in America. They grew rich and powerful like noblemen and they even held Government offices. It was true, also, that no one had to go in the army unless he wanted to be a soldier. With us all the young men who are strong have to go in the army, because Sweden expects to have to fight Russia some day. The army takes the young men away from their work and makes hard times in the family.

A man who had been living in America once came to visit the little village that was near our cottage. He wore gold rings set with jewels and had a fine watch. He said that food was cheap in America and that a man could earn nearly ten times as much there as in Sweden. He treated all the men to brandvin, or brandy wine, as some call it, and there seemed to be no end to his money.

It was after this that father and mother were both sick during all of one winter, and we had nothing to eat, except black bread and a sort of potato soup or gruel, with now and then a herring. We had to sell our cows and we missed the milk and cheese.

So at last it was decided that my brother

was to go to America, and we spent the last day bidding him good-bye, as if we should never see him again. My mother and sisters cried a great deal, and begged him to write; my father told him not to forget us in that far off country, but to do right and all would be well, and my uncle said that he would become a leader of the people.

Next morning before daylight my brother and my uncle went away. They had twenty miles to walk to reach the railroad, which would take them to Gothenburg. My uncle had paid the money for the ticket which was to carry Gustaf to Minnesota. It cost a great deal—about $90, I believe.

In the following August we got our first letter from America. I can remember some parts of it, in which my brother said:

I have work with a farmer who pays me 64 kroner a month, and my board. I send you 20 kroner, and will try to send that every month. This is a good country. It is like Sweden in some ways. The winter is long, and there are some cold days, but everything grows that we can grow in our country, and there is plenty. All about me are Swedes, who have taken farms and are getting rich. They eat white bread and plenty of meat. The people here do not work such long hours as in Sweden, but they work much harder, and they have a great deal of machinery, so that the crop one farmer gathers will fill two big barns. One farmer, a Swede, made more than 25,000 kroner on his crop last year.

After that we got a letter every month from my brother. He kept doing better and better, and at last he wrote that a farm had been given to him by the Government. It was sixty acres of land, good soil, with plenty of timber on it and a river running alongside. He had two fine horses and a wagon and sleigh, and he was busy clearing the land. He wanted his brother, Eric, to go to him, but we could not spare Eric, and so Knut, the third brother, was sent. He helped Gustaf for two years, and then he took a sixty-acre farm. Both sent money home to us, and soon they sent tickets for Hilda and Christine, two of my sisters.

People said that Hilda was very beautiful. She was eighteen years of age, and had long shining golden hair, red cheeks and blue eyes. She was merry and a fine dancer; far the best among the girls in all the country round, and she could spin and knit grandly.

She and Christine got work in families of Minneapolis, and soon were earning almost as much as my brothers had earned at first, and sending money to us. Hilda married a man who belonged to the Government of Minneapolis before she had lived there six months. He is a Swede, but has been away from home a long time. Hilda now went to live in a fine house, and she said in her letter that the only trouble she had was with shoes. In the country parts of Sweden they wear no shoes in the

summer time, but in Minneapolis they wear them all the year round.

Father and mother kept writing to the children in America that now they had made their fortunes they should come home and live, but they put it off. Once Gustaf did return to see us, but he hurried back again, because the people thought so much of him that they had made him sheriff of a county. So it would not do to be long away.

I and my sister Helene came to this country together in 1899, Hilda having sent us the money, 600 kroner. We came over in the steerage from Gothenburg, on the west coast. The voyage wasn't so bad. They give people beds in the steerage now, and all their food, and it is very good food and well cooked. It took us twelve days to cross the sea, but we did not feel it long, as when people got over the sea sickness there was plenty of dancing, for most of those people in the steerage were Swedes and very pleasant and friendly. On fine days we could walk outside on the deck. Two men had concertinas and one had a violin.

When we got to Minneapolis we found Hilda living in a large brick house, and she had two servants and a carriage. She cried with joy when she saw us, and bought us new clothes, because we were in homespun and no one wears that in Minneapolis. But she laid the homespun away in a chest and said that she would always keep it to remind her.

I stayed with Hilda two weeks, and then went out to my brother Knut's farm, which is fifty miles northwest of Minneapolis. It was in August when I reached him, and I helped with the harvest and the threshing. He had built a log house, with six windows in it. It looked very much like the log house where my parents live in Sweden, only it was not painted red like theirs.

I worked for my brother from August 1899, to March, 1901, at $16 a month, making $304, of which I spent only $12 in that time, as I had clothes.

On the first day of March I went to a farm that I had bought for $150, paying $50 down. It was a bush farm, ten miles from my brother's place and seven miles from the nearest cross roads store. A man had owned it and cleared two acres, and then fallen sick and the storekeeper got it for a debt and sold it to me. My brother heard of it and advised me to buy it.

I went on this land in company with a French Canadian named Joachim. He was part Indian, and yet was laughing all the time, very gay, very full of fun, and yet the best axman I ever saw. He wore the red trimmed white blanket overcoat of the Hudson Bay Company, with white blanket trousers and fancy moccasins, and a red sash around his waist and a capote that went over his head.

We took two toboggans loaded with our

goods and provisions, and made the ten-mile journey from my brother's house in three hours. The snow was eighteen inches deep on the level, but there was a good hard crust that bore us perfectly most of the way. The cold was about 10 below zero, but we were steaming when we got to the end of our journey. I wore two pairs of thick woolen stockings, with shoe-packs outside them—the shoe-pack is a moccasin made of red sole leather, its top is of strong blanket; it is very warm and keeps out wet. I wore heavy underclothes, two woolen shirts, two vests, a pilot jacket and an overcoat, a woolen cap and a fur cap. Each of us had about 300 pounds weight on his toboggan.

Before this I had looked over my farm and decided where to build my house, so now I went straight to that place. It was the side of a hill that sloped southward to a creek that emptied into a river a mile away.

We went into a pine grove about half way up the hill and picked out a fallen tree, with a trunk nearly five feet thick, to make one side of our first house. This tree lay from east to west. So we made a platform near the root on the south side by stamping the snow down hard. On top of this platform we laid spruce boughs a foot deep and covered the spruce boughs over with a rubber blanket. We cut poles, about twenty of them, and laid them sloping from the snow up to the top of the tree trunk. Over these we spread canvas, and over

that again large pieces of oilcloth. Then we banked up the snow on back and side, built a fire in front in the angle made by the tree root, and, as we each had two pairs of blankets, we were ready for anything from a flood to a hurricane. We made the fire place of flat stones that we got near the top of the hill and kindled the fire with loose birch bark. We had a box of matches, and good fuel was all about us. Soon we had a roaring fire going and a big heap of fuel standing by. We slung our pot by means of a chain to a pole that rested one end on the fallen tree trunk and the other on the crotch of a small tree six feet away; we put the pan on top of the fire and used the coffee or tea pot the same way—we made tea and coffee in the same pot. We had brought to camp:

FIRST OUTFIT

Cornmeal, 25 pounds	$0.47
Flour, 100 pounds	2.00
Lard, 10 pounds	1.00
Butter, 10 pounds	1.80
Codfish, 25 pounds	2.25
Ham, 12 pounds	1.20
Potatoes, 120 pounds	1.40
Rice, 25 pounds	2.15
Coffee, 10 pounds	2.75
Bacon, 30 pounds	1.50
Herrings, 200	1.75
Molasses, 2 gallons	.60
Axes, 3	3.55
Toboggans, 2	3.25

Pair blankets	$5.00
Pot, coffee pot, frying pan	1.60
Knives, 2	.75
Salt, pepper, mustard	.15
Tea, 9 pounds	2.70
Matches	.10
Pickax	1.25
Spades, 2	3.00
Hoes, 2	2.00
Sugar, 30 pounds	1.80
Snow shoes, 1 pair	1.75
Gun	9.00
Powder and shot	.65
Total	$55.42

"Jake," as we all called the Frenchman, was a fine cook. He made damper in the pan, and we ate it swimming with butter along with slices of bacon and some roast potatoes and tea. "Jake," like all the lumbermen, made tea very strong. So did I, but I didn't like the same kind of tea. The backwoodsmen have got used to a sort of tea that bites like acid; it is very bad, but they won't take any other. I liked a different sort. So as we couldn't have both, we mixed the two together.

The sun went down soon after four o'clock, but the moon rose, the stars were very big and bright and the air quite still and so dry that no one could tell it was cold. "Jake" had brought a fiddle with him and he sat in the doorway of our house and played and sang

silly French Canadian songs, and told stories in his own language. I could not understand a word he said, but he didn't care; he was talking to the fire and the woods as much as to me. He got up and acted some of the stories and made me laugh, though I didn't understand. We went to bed soon after eight o'clock, and slept finely. I never had a better bed than those spruce boughs.

Next morning, after a breakfast of cornmeal mush, herrings, coffee and bacon, we took our axes and went to work, and by working steadily for six hours we chopped an acre of ground and cut four cords of wood, which we stacked up ready for hauling. It was birch, beech, oak, maple, hickory, ironwood and elm, for we left the pine alone and set out to clear the land on the side of the creek first. The small stuff that was not good for cord wood we piled up for our own fire or for fence rails.

We found the fire out when we returned to our camp, but it was easy to light it again, and we had damper and butter, boiled rice and molasses, tea with sugar and slices of ham for supper. A workingman living out of doors in that air can eat as much as three men who live in the city. A light snow fell, but it made no difference, as our fire was protected by the tree root, and we could draw a strip of canvas down over the doorway of our house.

So we lived till near the first of April when

the sun began to grow warm and the ice and snow to melt. In that time we chopped about nine acres and made forty-five cords of wood, which we dragged to the bank of the river and left there for the boats to take, the storekeeper giving me credit for it on his books at $1.25 a cord. We also cut two roads through the bush. In order to haul the wood and break the roads I had to buy an ox team and bob sleigh which I got with harness, a ton of hay and four bushels of turnips for $63. I made the oxen a shelter of poles and boughs and birch bark sloping up to the top of an old tree root.

By April 15th the ground which we had chopped over was ready for planting, for all the snow and ice was gone and the sun was warm. I bought a lot of seed of several kinds, and went to work with spade and hoe, among the stumps of the clearing, putting in potatoes, corn, wheat, turnips, carrots, and a few onions, melons and pumpkins. We used spade and hoe in planting.

The soil was black loam on top of fine red sand, and the corn seemed to spring up the day after it was planted.

We planted nearly twelve acres of the land in a scattering way, and then set to work to build a log house of pine logs. "Jake" was a master hand at this, and in two weeks we had the house up. It was made of logs about 12 by 8 inches on the sides. It was 18 feet long

and 12 feet deep, and had three small windows in the sides and back and a door. The ends of the logs were chopped so that those of the sides fitted into those of the front and back. The only nails were in the door. I had to buy the windows. The only furniture was two trunks, a table, a stool and a bench, all made with the axe. The roof was of birch bark.

About the first of June my sister Helene came with a preserving kettle, a lot of glass jars and a big scheme. We got a cook stove and a barrel of sugar, and put a sign on the river bank announcing that we would pay fifty cents cash for 12 quarts of strawberries, raspberries or blackberries. All through June, July and August Indians kept bringing us the berries, and my sister kept preserving, canning and labeling them. Meanwhile we dug a roothouse into the side of the hill and sided it up and roofed it over with logs, and we built a log stable for cattle. A load of lumber that we got for $2 had some planed boards in it, of which we made doors. The rest we used for roofs, which we finally shingled before winter came on again. The result of my first season's work was as follows:

EXPENSES

(From March 1st to December 31st, 1901)

Farm, paid on account	$50.00
Axes, 4, with handles	5.00
Spades, 2	3.00

Hoes, 2	$2.00
Oil lantern	1.25
Lamp with bracket	1.50
Oil, 4 gallons	.40
Cow with calf	25.00
Yoke of oxen, with harness, sleigh, etc.	63.00
Seed	12.50
"Jake's" wages, 6 months	120.00
Helene's wages, 7 months	112.00
Windows for house	6.50
Lumber	2.00
Kitchen utensils, dishes	5.40
Toboggans, 2	2.75
Blankets, 2 pairs	10.00
Pickaxe	1.25
Mutton, 35 pounds	2.10
Beef, 86 pounds	6.02
Corned beef, 70 pounds	3.50
Bacon, 82 pounds	4.10
Flour, 3 barrels	10.50
Cornmeal, 80 pounds	2.40
Codfish, 40 pounds	3.60
Sugar, 400 pounds	20.00
Oatmeal, 75 pounds	2.25
Molasses, 9 gallons	2.70
Tobacco, 10 pounds	.90
Candles	.10
Tea, 18 pounds	5.40
Coffee, 10 pounds	5.40
Plough	6.50
Rice, 25 pounds	2.15
Preserve jars, 400	7.50
Stump extracting	17.00
Stove	3.00

Preserve jar labels, 500	$2.50
All other expenses	21.00
Total	$552.17

INCOME AND CASH IN HAND

(March 1st to December 31st, 1901).

Cash in hand	$292.00
Wood, 45 cords at $1.25	56.25
Preserves, 400 quarts	66.50
Wheat, 67 bushels	46.50
Corn, 350 bushels	163.30
Carrots, 185 bushels	90.45
Turnips, 80 bushels	32.00
Potatoes, 150 bushels	75.00
Total	$822.00
Total expenses	552.17
Balance on hand	$269.83

That comparison of income and expenses looks more unfavorable than it really was because we had five months' provisions on hand on December 31st. We raised almost all our own provisions after the first three months. In 1902 my income was above $1,200, and my expenses after paying $50 on the farm and $62 for road making and stump extracting and labor, less than $600.

I have no trouble selling my produce, as the storekeeper takes it all and sells it down the river. He also owns a threshing machine and stump extractor.

The Frenchman went away in August, 1901. I don't know where he is. I have had other good workmen since but none like him.

I studied English coming out on the vessel, but I was here six months before I could speak it well. I like this country very much, and will become a citizen.

One thing I like about this country is that you do not have to be always taking off your hat to people. In Sweden you take off your hat to everybody you meet, and if you enter a store you take off your hat to the clerk. Another thing that makes me like this country is that I can share in the government. In Sweden my father never had a vote, and my brothers never could have voted because there is a property qualification that keeps out the poor people, and they had no chance to make money. Here any man of good character can have a vote after he has been a short time in the country, and people can elect him to any office. There are no aristocrats to push him down, and say that he is not worthy because his father was poor. Some Swedes have become Governors of States, and many who landed here poor boys are now very rich.

I am going over to Sweden soon to keep Christmas there. Six hundred other Swedes will sail on our ship. Many are from Minnesota. They have done their fall planting, and the snow is on the ground up there, and they can easily get away for two months or more.

So we are all going to our old home, but will come back again, and may be bring other people with us. Some Swedes go to the old country every Christmas.

We're going in the steerage and pay a low special rate because the ships need passengers at this time of the year. We'll have the steerage all to ourselves, and it ought to be very comfortable and jolly. We will dance and play cards all the way over.

Christmas is Sweden's great day; in fact, it is wrong to speak of it as a day because it keeps up for two weeks. The people have been preparing for it since November last. Near our place there are twelve farm houses and about ten people living in each house. In the last letter that I got from my mother two weeks ago she told me about the preparations for Christmas. I know who the maskers are, who will go around on Christmas Eve knocking at the doors of the houses and giving the presents. That's supposed to be a secret, but mother has found out.

I expect to return to America in February, and will try to bring my elder brother, Eric, and my youngest sister, Minna, with me. Eric has never seen a city, neither has Minna, and they don't think that they would like America much because the ways of the people are so different and they work so much harder while they are working.

My father says that Sweden is the finest

country in the world, and he will never leave, but he is only sixty years of age, and so he could move very well. Mother is younger, and they are both strong, so I think they will come to us in Minnesota next year, and then our whole family will be in America, for Uncle Olaf is now in New York in a shipping office.

Gustaf is married and has three children, and Knut is to be married shortly, but either of them would be glad to have the father and mother. I think, though, that they will come to my house.

I am carrying with me two trunks, and one of them is full of Christmas presents from Knut and Gustaf, Hilda and Christine to father, mother, Eric and Minna. When I return to America my trunk will be filled with presents from those in the old home to those in the new.

Among these presents are books of pictures showing Minneapolis, Duluth and New York, and photographs of our houses. My father and the other old men will not believe that there are any great cities in America. They say that it is a wild country, and that it is quite impossible that New York can be as large as Stockholm. When they hear about the tall buildings they laugh, and say that travelers always tell such wild tales. Maybe they will believe the photographs.

Some of the pictures that I am carrying to Sweden are of women in America. They have

a better time than in Sweden. At least, they do not have to do such heavy work, and they dress much more expensively. Minna will be greatly surprised when she sees how Hilda dresses now, and I feel sure that she, too, will want to come here and try her fortune, where there are so many rich husbands to be had.

The Swedes who live in America like the old country girls, because they know how to save money.

CHAPTER VI

THE LIFE STORY OF A FRENCH DRESSMAKER

Amelia des Moulins is a French girl who, as her story shows, is making her fortune in America, but is going back to France to live.

I WAS born in a country district of France, on the edge of a great forest, about 150 miles southwest of Paris. When I first came to identify myself, I was a little red-cheeked, roly-poly, black-haired, black-eyed baby of four years or so, tumbling about under the trees trying to gather fagots.

My father had been one of the men in charge of the forest, and when he was killed by the caving in of an earthbank the great man who owned the estate on which we lived allowed my mother to continue gathering firewood as before, which was to us quite a valuable privilege, as fuel is scarce and dear in France.

Our cottage was of stone. It was about 200 years old and had tiled roof, though most of the cottages of the neighborhood were thatched. The walls were nearly two feet thick and all the front and sides were covered with ivy. There were only two rooms on the

ground floor, but overhead was a large loft, with the floor boards loose on the beams. My brothers Jean and François slept in the loft, which they reached by a ladder, and sometimes the straw from their bed would come sifting down through the cracks above.

The large room on the ground floor was kitchen, dining room, sitting room and parlor. It had a great hearth, where a big iron pot hung on a thick chain, and both chain and pot were relics that had long been in my father's family. The only furniture here was a bench, four wooden stools and an old table, and the only picture on the plastered walls was a print of the Madonna. The other room was mother's bedroom, and I and my sister Madeline had a cot in the corner.

In comparison with some of our neighbors we were looked upon as wealthy, seeing that mother owned the house and field of two acres, and that she had about $400 saved up and buried in an old iron pot in the earthern floor of the little cellar, which was under the middle of the big room and reached through a trap door.

Mother was a large, stout, full blooded woman of great strength. She could not read or write and yet she was well thought of. There are all sorts of educations, and though reading and writing are very well in their way, they would not have done mother any good. She had the sort of education that was needed for her work. Nobody knew more about rais-

ing vegetables, ducks, chickens and pigeons than she did. There were some among the neighbors who could read and write and so thought themselves above mother, but when they went to market they found their mistake. Her peas, beans, cauliflower, cabbages, pumpkins, melons, potatoes, beets and onions sold for the highest price of any, and that ought to show whose education was the best, because it is the highest education that produces the finest work.

Mother used to take me frequently to the market. We had a big dog and a little cart (mother and the dog pulled the cart)—one can see hundreds of them in any French market town to-day. The cart was filled high with fowls and vegetables, and when I was very small I sat on the top holding our lunch, which was wrapped in a napkin. It was always the same, a half loaf of black bread to be eaten with an onion. I was inclined to be particular, and sometimes I would not eat the black bread, which was hard and sour, but mother would just lay it aside and say that I would go to it before it would go to me, and I always did go to it, except one day when mother got impatient with me for being sulky and gave my bread to the dog, Hero, who ate it like the greedy thing that he was. I boxed his ears for that, but he only smiled at me. He was a big, black Newfoundland fellow, very good-natured.

We used to reach the market place about half-past five o'clock in the morning, and when we got there mother would back the cart up against the sidewalk and begin to shout about the chickens, eggs and vegetables. All the women with the carts were shouting and all the dogs barking, and there was great business.

The market women were a big, rough, fat, jolly set, who did not know what sickness was, and it might have been well for me if I had stayed among them and grown to be like mother. They had so much hard, healthy work that it gave them no time to worry.

One time in the market place I saw a totally different set of women. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, when some people began to shout:

"Here come the rich Americans! Now we will sell things!"

We saw a large party of travelers coming through the crowd. They looked very queer. Their clothes seemed queer, as they were so different from ours. They wore leather boots instead of wooden shoes, and they all looked weak and pale. The women were tall and thin, like bean-poles, and their shoulders were stooped and narrow; most of them wore glasses or spectacles, showing that their eyes were weak. The corners of their mouths were all pulled down and their faces were crossed and crisscrossed with lines and wrinkles, as though they were carrying all the care in the world.

Our women all began to laugh and dance and shout at the strangers. It was not very polite on our part, but the travelers certainly did look funny.

I was about six years old when that happened, and the sight of those people gave me my first idea of America. I heard that the women there never worked, laced themselves too tightly, and were always ill.

I would have grown up like mother and her friends but that I did not seem to be good at their work. I took to reading, writing, sewing and embroidering, and I did not take to gardening and selling things, while I cried when they killed pigeons or chickens. So I was sent to Paris to live with my Aunt Celestina, a dressmaker, employed by one of the great establishments.

My aunt, though mother's sister, was not at all like her. She was small, thin and pale, with quick, black eyes and a snappy sort of way, though she was quite good hearted.

It was not very long before I found out just how the fashions are made. There are three great establishments in Paris that lead all others. These have very clever men working for them as designers of cloaks, hats and dresses. These designers not only know all the recent fashions, but also all the fashions that there were in the world hundreds of years ago. They have books full of pictures to help them, and what they try to do is to make the

women change their dresses just as often as possible. That's the reason they keep changing the fashions.

Each time they make a new fashion they make it just as unlike the one that went before as can be, so that things that are six months old look ridiculous, and the women all over the world who are trying to follow the fashions put the old dresses away, even though they have only been worn once or twice. One time the sleeves are big at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists and at another time narrow at the shoulders and big at the wrists. One time the dress is tight at the waist and another time loose, and there are all sorts of changes in the size, shape and hang of the skirt; and in addition all the changes of fashion in colors and materials.

The keynote of fashion making is change, for the women all over the world are watching Paris, and they say, "You might as well be out of the world, as out of the fashion." The greater the changes the more dresses sold.

When these great milliners have decided on the new fashions they get some of the best known women in the city to lead off with them. These women are given magnificent costumes of the newest design to wear, and, in some cases, are even paid for wearing them. Of course these women are great beauties, and when they appear in the parks, or at the opera,

all the other women envy them, and all those who can, run away and get something of the same kind.

My aunt and I lived in a room on the fifth floor of an old brick house in one of the back streets. They were all poor people in the house, and I found the children very different from those in the country. They were not religious. The boys swore and smoked—even little ones of my own age—and the girls knew all sorts of bad things. There was no place to play but in the streets, and, for a time, I was very homesick. The other children laughed at me, but they were not altogether bad. They were good natured in their way. Most of them had never been in the country and they thought I was telling stories when I described the forest where you could walk for miles and see nothing but the trees.

Some of these children belonged to people who beat them, and a few had hardly any clothes. My aunt used to pity them so much, and in the evening she taught me dressmaking by making things for those children. She taught me measuring, cutting out, basting and stitching. In the day time I went to school. Mother sent aunt some money to help keep me, and as I had a natural love for dressmaking I got along. In the afternoons when school was over and before my aunt returned from her work I used to go and see all the beautiful things in the museums and art galleries.

I was with my aunt, learning all she could teach, till I was fourteen years of age, which was in 1895. I was quite a well grown girl then, and my aunt was going to get me employment in the place where she worked, when she died of a heavy cold, pneumonia, I suppose. After she caught the cold she went to work, and grew worse, but she wouldn't stop for two days. On the third day she was in a high fever and so dizzy that she could not stand when she rose from bed. I got her some medicine, but I did not know what to ask for and the druggist did not exactly know what to give. It did no good. So at last I called in a doctor, but she grew worse very fast and seemed choking. Some of the neighbors sat up with her in the early part of the night, but at three o'clock in the morning I was the only watcher. My aunt, who had been breathing very heavily and seemed unconscious, suddenly sat up in bed, with her eyes staring. She was frightened and began to cry.

"I'm dying," she said, "and I'm not fit to die; I have been so wicked."

I spoke to her and held her hands, but I could not comfort her.

"You are not dying, and you have not been wicked," I said.

"Oh! Oh! I have been so wicked!" she cried, again and again.

I declared that she had not done anything wrong, but she answered:

"Those clothes that I made for the poor children, I stole all the goods from our customers, because I could not bear to see the little ones in such a state. Oh, it was very bad. If I wanted to give the children something it should have been my own."

I was so frightened that I called up the people who lived in the next room and one of them went for the priest, and after he had talked with my aunt for a few minutes she seemed comforted, but she died the next morning.

I went back to my mother's house for two weeks, but I could not stay there, so I returned to Paris, where I went to work in the shop that had employed my aunt.

Many of our best customers were Americans. They were all very rich, and we heard that everybody in America was rich. They drove up to our shop in carriages and automobiles, and they wanted dresses like those of the queens and princesses. Some of them spent whole weeks in our shop.

Part of the time I had to help try on and heard a great deal of the conversation of these ladies. It was all about dress and money. They said that Paris was just like their idea of heaven, though the ones who said that had seen very little except our shop. They were mostly daughters of working people, common laborers, butchers and shopkeepers who had grown rich some way, yet they were more

haughty and proud than our own aristocrats. In fact, they were pretending to be aristocrats. I remember one of this sort who declared that she hated America because it was a republic and contained so many common people. She was sorry that France was a republic and hoped it would again soon have a king. Our forewoman always agreed with all the customers, and she agreed with this one till her back was turned. Then she said:

"What a fool that woman is! She is coarse enough for the fish market, yet she thinks she can make people believe she is an aristocrat. I wonder what she is proud of?"

Most of the Americans I disliked, but there were a few of a different sort. One very beautiful, tall girl, whose father owned 10,000 miles of telegraph wires and something like $40,000,000, was as gentle, simple and pleasant as if she had been poor. She smiled at me when I was helping her to try on a new dress, and said:

"What good taste you have. If one as clever as you came to America she could do very well."

I had been for a long time thinking that same thing. If the Americans whom I had seen could have so much money, why not I? I said that to Annette, my room mate, and she also wanted to go to America.

Of course, it was all on account of the money, as there is no country like France and

no city like Paris. We heard that some dressmakers in America received as much as 100 francs for a week's work. That seemed to me a great fortune.

By working at night Annette and I saved 300 francs, but it was stolen from our room and we had to begin all over again.

That was the reason why we did not reach America till 1899. We saved and saved, and we pinched ourselves hard, but it takes a long time for two sewing girls in Paris to scrape together 500 francs, and we could not start with less, because we wanted to have some money in our pockets when we landed.

It was in September when we started. I had never seen the ocean before and the voyage was all strange. When we approached America a man came to us and asked how much money we had. We showed him 40 francs.

"That is not enough," he said; "you will be sent back. No one is allowed to land in America unless he has 100 francs."

We were dreadfully frightened, but the man said that if we gave him 20 francs he would lend each of us $50 till we passed through the immigrants' gate and got into the city of New York. We gave him 20 francs and he gave each of us a $50 bill.

"But will they not think it strange that I and Annette have each a $50 bill in American money?" I asked.

"Not at all," said he. "American money is now good all over the world."

When we reached the immigrants' gate, however, the men there told us that the $50 bills were no good. They were what is called Confederate. The man who had given them to us had slipped away. We would have been sent back to France if some other immigrants had not taken pity on us and lent us some money.

Oh, how glad we were to get away from that place and into the city. We landed in a sort of park, and a good woman, who was one of those that helped us, treated us to peaches and popcorn. The peaches were the largest and ripest I ever ate. They fairly melted in our mouths.

A car took us to a place in South Fifth Avenue where there are many French people. We were horrified when we found that we must pay $2 a week for a miserable room, but we could do no better. We had only 10 francs left, and all the first week after our landing we lived on potatoes—that we roasted over the gas flame—and stale bread. The woman who kept the house walked about in the passage smelling the air and saying that some one was cooking in one of the bedrooms, but she did not find us out.

That was a horrible place. Most of the people in it seemed to be mad; they made such

awful noises in the night—singing, shouting, banging pianos, dancing and quarreling.

The partition that separated our room from the one next door to it was thin and there was a hole in it, through which a man once peeped. He talked at us, but we nailed a piece of tin over the hole; and as for his talk, we never answered it.

I don't think that that house had been dusted or swept in six months; the servants looked most untidy. Most of the women lodgers slept till noon each day and then walked about the passages wearing old wrappers. Their hair was done up in curl papers and their faces were covered with a white paste to improve their complexions. They looked hideous till they washed themselves later in the day. These were all married women who had no children and nothing to do but gad about.

Each day after our arrival in New York we wandered about the streets looking for work, but we did not know where to look and had no luck. We could not speak English and that made it very hard. We might have starved but that Annette made $2 posing for an artist, whom she met quite by chance. He had been in Paris and he knew immediately that she was French. He saw by the way she looked at the shop signs that she was strange to the city and he spoke to her in French. Of course she answered, and they became acquainted.

"How did you know I was French?" she asked, and he answered:

"A French girl! Ah, how could I mistake you for one of another nation?"

That is the truth, too, though I say it myself. All the world knows that we French have the true artistic taste, and we show it most in our dress. The Germans or the English cannot make dresses or hats, and even when we make for them they cannot wear the clothes properly. There is something wrong somewhere, probably with the color scheme. Those other people do not understand, they cannot comprehend, it is impossible to convey to them the conception of true harmony. It is like trying to teach the blind about light. They lack the soul of the artist, and so their dresses are shocking, hideous discords of form and color. When I see them I simply want to scream.

Berlin has lately been trying to make fashions of her own. Pah! Pooh! What presumption!

Annette is tall and fair, while I am dark and not more than medium height. The artist posed her as a Venetian flower girl with bare feet. I saw the picture lately hanging in a great gallery. It is very beautiful and exactly like Annette—though she always says that I am the beauty. Of course that is not true.

After we had been for eight days looking

for work without finding any we spoke to the woman who kept the house where we lived. She knew a little French.

"I think that I can get you situations," she said, "but they will cost you $10 for each."

I told her that we had no money.

"No matter," said she; "you can pay me after you are paid, and I will then pay the forewoman. But you must not say anything to her about paying, because the proprietor does not know about it." The next day we went with the woman to a Sixth Avenue dressmaker, where we were engaged at $7 a week each, which seemed to us good pay. We had to give the woman of our house $5 a week each for two weeks, and as we paid $1 a week each for our room, we nearly starved trying to live on the remainder. At the end of two weeks we were discharged by the forewoman, though there was plenty of work. I learned afterward that the forewoman made a great deal of money that way, by receiving pay for hiring girls whom she afterward discharged.

We seemed to be in a worse state than ever and cried all the night after we were sent away from the Sixth Avenue place. But at six o'clock in the next morning we rose and said long prayers, and I wrote a sort of letter to be shown. It said like this:

"MADAME: Please to behold us as two girls who have of Paris the art dressmaker from the best models

taken to make the dress for the American, we will comprehend so well if you but try. If you please.

ANNETTE,
AMELIA."

I wrote that because I could take time and use the correct language, as I had found when I spoke the English, Americans did not understand.

We hurried into the street, having no breakfast, but full of hope, for it was the season of dressmaking and we surely must get something.

We entered a fine place on Twenty-third Street and a man behind a counter sent us upstairs, where we found twenty women engaged. The proprietress read my letter and asked us questions. She did not seem to understand well and called a German girl who spoke French.

I had all my life hated Germans, but I could not hate this girl as she spoke to us so kindly.

I told her where we had had experience, and what we could do, and she said to the proprietress:

"We must have these, Miss G——. They come from the best place in Paris and look clever."

"Nonsense!" said the proprietress; "we don't want them. They are mere apprentices."

I understood what she meant and said in French that we were not apprentices, but of long experience, and Annette, too, joined in.

But the proprietress was only pretending. She wanted us all the time. So at last she said:

"But how much money would you want?"

"Seven dollars a week," said I, because I thought that I might as well ask for plenty.

The proprietress almost screamed:

"Seven dollars a week, and you have just landed!"

"Oh, no," I said; "we have been here nearly a month."

At last we were engaged at $6 a week each and they put us at work immediately. Our hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the evening. When we went home that night we were very happy and treated ourselves to a little feast in our room. On six dollars a week we knew that we could live finely and we felt sure that we could keep this place, as they had put us on good work at once and we knew that we had done well."

Our proprietress was full of tricks. In appearance she was a tall, thin, sharp faced woman with fair hair. She was very quick in speech and action, and a great driver among the girls. She did all the measuring and cutting out and her perquisites included all the materials that were left over from the dresses.

A tall woman would need seventeen yards of silk or other narrow goods, while one who was shorter might get along very well with fourteen yards. Our proprietress would always exaggerate the amount of material needed and then, in cutting out, would be able to reserve some for herself. Often she got as much as two yards. These pieces she slipped into a private drawer, of which she had the key. It did not take her long, therefore, to get enough to make herself a new skirt or a waist, and odd pieces could be used as piping or as trimming for hats.

Accordingly she was always very well dressed, and though sometimes customers recognized parts of their own materials in her costume, they seldom said anything.

Once, though, I thought there was going to be a scene. A stout lady who was one of our best customers came in one day and saw our proprietress just going out to lunch. The stout lady immediately stood still and glared at the proprietress's new hat, which was on her head. It was a very stylish hat and the silk trimming was precisely the same as the piping of the lady's dress that had recently been made at our place.

"Why, you've got my piping!" she cried.

The proprietress flushed and smiled, but she was equal to the occasion.

"Yes, Mrs. Miller," she said, "it's the very same as yours. The truth is I admired the

material so much that I sent out and bought some. Don't you like my hat?"

"Oh, yes," said the stout lady. "Where did you get that material?"

This was a catch, because there was only one store in town where it could have been bought, but our proprietress was not to be trapped.

"One of my girls got it for me. I don't know where she got it," she said.

"Humph!" exclaimed the stout lady, and wandered away without another word.

She came back later on and gave us more custom. She knew that she was being robbed, but she knew, also, that it was the dressmakers' rule to help themselves from their customers' material.

On another occasion a lady who had given five yards of wide ribbon for trimming came back after she had received the dress.

"I don't understand how it is, Miss ——," she said. "I gave you five yards of this ribbon. There's only four yards on the dress. I measured it with the tape measure."

The proprietress produced tape measure and gravely measured the trimming.

"Dear me! you're right," she exclaimed. "Now, what can have happened to that other yard? Where can it be? Girls, did you see it any place?"

The customer just sniffed.

We all buzzed about, but it was the proprietress herself who found the missing ribbon

under a pile of goods. She appeared to be greatly surprised, and the customer sniffed again.

Our proprietress, I think, never told the truth while she was at business. She would promise most solemnly to have a dress made up in three days when she knew quite well that it could not be done in two weeks.

Sometimes when the bell rang she would look out and say:

"Oh, girls! There's that Mrs. K—— come again. I promised for sure that her dress would be ready to try on this afternoon and I haven't put the scissors in it yet. Run down, Katie, and keep her in the parlor."

Then she would rush at the goods and the pattern, cut out with lightning speed and toss the various parts to different girls to baste. In half an hour there was the dress, basted, ready to try on, and the customer none the wiser as to how it was done.

Some of our customers suffered greatly in their efforts to be fashionable, for fashion takes no account of the natural shape of the human body. It did not matter so much to the thin women, because all they had to do was to stuff their figures, but some of the stout women were martyrs.

One very beautiful woman was fat and would not acknowledge it, as she had been quite slim.

"My waist measure," she said, "is 24 inches."

She insisted on this and made two of us girls pull her corset strings till we secured the right girth.

My! that was a job! The squeezing must have hurt her awfully. She was gasping for breath and perspiring rivers, but she would not give up.

When we sent the dress home she brought it back.

"It doesn't fit," she said.

"Where?" asked the proprietress.

"The waist is too small."

"The waist is 24 inches. You gave that yourself as your measurement. All you have to do is to have your corsets tightened as they were on the day when you were measured."

The poor lady looked at us and we all nodded assent. We had heard her insist that 24 was her measurement. Soon she was again in the hands of the tighteners, gasping and perspiring.

When the corsets were well pulled in the dress fitted like a glove, but the poor lady's face was the color of blood and she could hardly speak.

"I m—m—must—have—been mistaken!" she gasped.

"Certainly!" said our proprietress. "I never saw a better fit."

The poor lady staggered away trying to look comfortable. I don't believe she could wear that dress, though, as she was growing stouter.

The only thing to be done for stout people is to make everything plain, avoid bright colors and have all lines running up and down. That gives the appearance of greater height and less girth.

Lines running up and down make short women look taller. As to tall women, they don't want to look shorter now. It's the fashion to be tall. The plump, cosy, little women is out of date.

The first thing that I and Annette did when we began to have a little money was to move away from the horrible place in South Fifth Avenue. We never could understand those people. Most of them were connected with theaters, and they kept hours that seemed crazy. We got a room in West Twenty-fourth Street for $3 a week—a very good room, too—and made arrangement with a restaurant to give us breakfast and supper for $2.50 per week each.

So our starvation was at an end, and we had $2 a week to do with as we pleased. In a few weeks we had good clothing, and after that we were able to save a little.

Annette came to me one day with her eyes as big as saucers.

"What do you think!" she said. "That

girl Rosa gets $12 a week and she is not as clever as us."

We were both very angry at Rosa, though I suppose it was not her fault. Still she had no right to get more. It was ridiculous; we were the better workwomen.

"Wait," said I; "we are learning the English."

We waited six months and then asked the proprietress to give us $12 a week. She screamed at us with rage.

"What impudence!" she said.

But we only smiled; we knew enough of the English now and were not afraid.

She gave us $9 a week each and we stayed there six months more. Then, when the holiday season was coming on, we went to a great dressmaking place in Fifth Avenue and told the proprietress about our Paris experience and where we were now working. She asked how much we were getting and we said $18 a week.

That was true, too, because each of us got $9. We would not tell what was not true.

The proprietress said: "Well, if they give you $18 a week in Twenty-third Street we will give you $20 a week here."

When we told the proprietress of the Twenty-third Street shop she screamed again, and said that we could not go, that she would give us a bad character. We said it was no matter, we would not ask the character from her. Then she cried, and said that we had in-

gratitude and she would give us $12 a week each.

We cried, too. Because after all she was not such a bad one to work for. But we had to go, as it was too much money that we wanted for staying.

So we began in Fifth Avenue, and now it was quite new the sort of trade. We have been in that place ever since. We have been in the very finest houses of New York, talking with all the beauties and trying on their dresses for them.

The girls here are very beautiful, but I cannot like them. They have not the heart of French women. All that is given to them they take as their due and they are not grateful. They love, but it is only themselves. They do not care for men, except to have them as slaves bringing them the money that they so much need. For fine dress they will do anything.

I have told of the tricks that dressmakers play on ladies, but they are no worse than those that ladies play on dressmakers and on other people. In the first place, many of them won't pay their bills. In the second place they get costumes made and delivered that they wear one night and then return, saying that they have changed their minds, or that the costume doesn't fit—they deny that they have worn it except to try on—they get $50 or $100 cash and have it charged as a dress or hats in the bill, so as to deceive their husbands. They

are finicky and want things changed because their minds have changed. They expect us to remake them in spite of nature. All the fat women insist that we shall make them look thin.

Then if they quarrel with us they use slander.

One of our customers, a very sweet little lady, who is quite wealthy, said the other day to our proprietress:

"How have you offended Mrs. L——?"

"Have I offended her?" the proprietress asked.

"It seems so. I was walking with her on the street the other day when you passed. You bowed to me and I responded, when Mrs. L—— said: 'Oh, do you know that person?' 'Why, yes,' said I, 'that's my dressmaker.' 'Indeed!' said she; 'how can you stand her? She fits so badly.' 'I've always found her a true artist,' said I."

Our proprietress was very angry when she heard this story.

"Now I will tell the whole truth," she said. "That woman owes me $850, and it would be more than $1,000, but the last costume I sent C. O. D. 'My husband is not home and I have no money,' said she to the girl. The girl in spite of her protests brought the costume away. She came to me and said, 'I have to wear that costume this evening. I am going to the ball!' 'Then you must pay for it,' said

I. 'But I have not the money and my husband is away.' 'Get the money,' said I. She did get it and I gave her the costume, but she has slandered me ever since."

Ah! it is a good country to work in, no doubt. Annette is now getting $40 a week and I almost as much, and we have plenty saved; but I am not to live here.

To one born in England, Germany, Austria, Holland or Scandinavia this may appear fine, but not so to the French.

There is but one France and only one Paris in all the world, and soon, very soon, Annette and I will be aboard some great ship that will bear us back there.

CHAPTER VII

THE LIFE STORY OF A GERMAN NURSE GIRL

The first name of the pretty nurse girl who writes this chapter is Agnes, but it's not worth while giving her last name because, as the last paragraph implies, it is liable soon to be changed.

I WAS born just twenty years ago in the old, old city of Treves, in what was once France, but is now Germany. There were eight children in our family, five girls and three boys, and we were comfortably off until my father died, which happened when I was only three years old.

My father was a truckman, carrying goods from the railway stations to the shops; he had a number of wagons going and had built up a good business, though he was always ill from some disease that he contracted when a soldier in the war with France. It was consumption, I believe, and it finally carried him off. We were living at the time in a fine new house that he had built near the Moselle, but we were soon obliged to move, because though my mother was a good business woman, every one robbed her, and even my uncle made the mortgage come down on our house without telling her—which she said was very mean.

By the time I was five years old my mother had lost everything except the money she got from the Government, which was enough to keep her, but the family had to break up, and I went away to a school kept by Sisters of Christian Liebe, in another city. The Government paid for me there on account of my being a soldier's orphan—all of us children had allowances like that.

From the time I went away to that school till I was fifteen years of age I did not once see my mother, but stayed in school during all the holidays. But in spite of that I was not sad. It was the pleasantest time of my life, and I often wonder if I shall ever be as happy again.

The school was for Catholics, and I was glad I was a Catholic it was so good to be there; and I heard that at the school to which the Lutheran children went the teachers were very severe. However that might be, our Sisters were among the kindest women that ever lived and they loved us all dearly.

Every one at the school made much of me because I was so little—a gay little thing with fuzzy, light hair and blue eyes, and plenty to say for myself and a good voice for singing. I learned quickly, too, and when play time came I played hard.

We got up at half-past six o'clock each morning, and had mass three times a week and morning prayer when there was no mass. At

eight o'clock school began and lasted to ten, when there was half an hour for play, then an hour more school, then more play and then lunch, after which we worked in the garden or sewed or sang or played till six o'clock, when we had dinner, and we all went to bed at eight. We did not always go to sleep though, but sometimes lit candles after the Sisters had gone away and had feasts of apples and cakes and candies.

There were about eighty boys in this school and fifty-five girls—none of them older than fifteen years. We had a very large playground, and though the boys and girls were kept separate they yet found means of conversing, and when I was eleven years of age I fell in love with a tall, slim, thoughtful, dark-haired boy named Fritz, whose parents lived in Frankfort. We used to talk to each other through the bars of the fence which divided our playground. He was a year and a half older than I, and I thought him a man. The only time I was ever beaten at that school was on his account. We had been talking together on the playground; I did not heed the bell and was late getting in, and when the Sister asked what kept me I did not answer. She insisted on knowing, and Fritz and I looked at each other. The Sister caught us laughing.

Whipping on the hands with a rod was the punishment that they had there for very naughty children, and that is what I got. It

did not hurt much, and that night at half past nine o'clock, when all the house was still, there came a tapping at our dormitory window, and when it was opened we found Fritz there crying about the way I had been whipped. He had climbed up one of the veranda posts and had an orange for me. The other girls never told. They said it was so fine and romantic.

Fritz and I kept up our friendship till he had to leave the place, which was when I had grown to be nearly thirteen years of age. He climbed to our dormitory again to bid me good-bye, and tell me that when I was free from the school he would seek me out and marry me. We cried together as he told me his plans for being a great man, and all that night and the next night, too, I cried alone; but I never saw him again, and I'm afraid that his plans must have miscarried.

When I was fifteen years of age I left school and returned to my mother, who was then living in a flat with some of my brothers and sisters. Two of my brothers were in the army and one of my sisters was in America, while another sister was married in Germany.

I did not like it much at home. My mother was almost a stranger to me, and after the kindness of the Sisters and the pleasantness of their school she seemed very stern.

I went to work for a milliner. The hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till six

in the evening, but when there was much business the milliner would keep us till nine o'clock at night. I got no money, and was to serve for two years for nothing as an apprentice.

But the milliner found that I was already so clever with the needle that she set me to work making hats and dresses after the first two weeks that I was working for her, and when I had been there six months I could see that I had nothing more to learn in her place and that staying there was just throwing away my time.

Needlework seemed to come naturally to me, while I disliked cooking and was not much good at it. My two elder sisters, on the other hand, were stupid at sewing and embroidery, but master hands at cooking. My eldest sister was such a good cook that her husband started a restaurant so that she might have a chance to use her talents; and as for my second eldest sister, within two months after she landed in America—where she was sent by my eldest sister—she was earning $35 a month as a cook for one of the rich families.

My sister in America sent money for my eldest brother to go to her when his time in the army was done. We were all glad to see him go, because he had been a sergeant and was so used to commanding that he tried to command everybody he met. He even tried to command me!

Such ways won't do outside of the army. Another thing that we disliked was that, having been a sergeant, he was too proud to work, so we were glad to see him go to America. He lived for awhile by borrowing money from my sister till she got married to a mechanical engineer, who would not have him about the house when he heard of his actions.

So he had to do something, and became a butler, and a very good one, too, making plenty of money but spending it all on himself. He is employed by a family on the east side of Central Park now, getting $60 a month. When I went to see him a year ago he pretended that he did not know me. He has also forgotten my sister who helped him to come out here, and he has never sent a dollar to mother.

I heard about how easy it was to make money in America and became very anxious to go there, and very tired of making hats and dresses for nothing for a woman who was selling them at high prices. I was restless in my home also; mother seemed so stern and could not understand that I wanted amusement.

I was not giddy and not at all inclined to flirt, but I had been used to plenty of play at the school, and this all work and no play and no money to spend was hard.

If I had been inclined to flirt there was plenty to do in Treves, for the city was full of soldiers, young fellows who, when they wore

their uniforms, thought that a girl could not fail to be in love with them; but they made a mistake when they met me. They used to chirrup after me, just like birds, but I would turn and make faces to show what I thought of them—I was not quite sixteen then.

There were officers there, too, but they never noticed me. They belong to the high families, and go about the streets with their noses up in the air and their mustaches waxed up, trying to look like the Emperor. I thought they were horrid.

I grew more and more tired of all work and no play, and more and more anxious to go to America; and at last mother, too, grew anxious to see me go. She met me one night walking in the street with a young man, and said to me afterward:

"It is better that you go."

There was nothing at all in my walking with that young man, but she thought there was and asked my eldest sister to lend me the money to go to America to my second eldest sister, and a month later I sailed from Antwerp, the fare costing $55.

My second eldest sister with her husband met me at Ellis Island and they were very glad to see me, and I went to live with them in their flat in West Thirty-fourth Street. A week later I was an apprentice in a Sixth Avenue millinery store earning four dollars a week. I only paid three dollars a week for board,

and was soon earning extra money by making dresses and hats at home for customers of my own, so that it was a great change from Germany. But the hours in the millinery store were the same as in Germany, and there was overtime, too, occasionally; and though I was now paid for it I felt that I wanted something different—more time to myself and a different way of living. I wanted more pleasure. Our house was dull, and though I went to Coney Island or to a Harlem picnic park with the other girls now and then, I thought I'd like a change.

So I went out to service, getting twenty-two dollars a month as a nursery governess in a family where there were three servants besides the cook.

I had three children to attend to, one four, one six and one seven years of age. The one who was six years of age was a boy; the other two were girls. I had to look after them, to play with them, to take them about and amuse them, and to teach them German—which was easy to me, because I knew so little English. They were the children of a German mother, who talked to them in their own language, so they already knew something of it. I got along with these children very well and stayed with them for two years, teaching them what I knew and going out to a picnic or a ball or something of that sort about once a week, for I am very fond of dancing.

We went to Newport and took a cottage there in the summer time, and our house was full of company. A certain gentleman there once told me that I was the prettiest girl in the place, with a great deal more of the same sort of talk. I was dressed in gray, with white insertion, and was wearing roses at the time he said that. He caught me passing through the parlor when the others were away. Of course I paid no attention to him, but it was early in the day. It was generally late in the evening when gentlemen paid such compliments.

I enjoyed life with this family and they seemed to like me, for they kept me till the children were ready to go to school. After I left them I went into another family, where there were a very old man and his son and granddaughter who was married and had two children. They had a house up on Riverside Drive, and the old man was very rich. The house was splendid and they had five carriages and ten horses, and a pair of Shetland ponies for the children. There were twelve servants, and I dined with the housekeeper and butler, of course—because we had to draw the line. I got $25 a month here and two afternoons a week, and if I wanted to go any place in particular they let me off for it.

These people had a fine place down on Long Island to which we all went in the summer, and there I had to ramble around with the children, boating, bathing, crabbing, fishing

and playing all their games. It was good fun, and I grew healthy and strong.

The children were a boy of ten and girl of eight years. They were restless and full of life but good natured, and as they liked me I would have stayed there till they grew too old to need me any more, but that something awful happened during the second summer that we were spending on Long Island.

It was one night in June, when the moon was very large and some big stars were shining. I had been to the village with the housekeeper to get the mail, and at the post office we met the butler and a young man who sailed the boats for us. Our way home lay across the fields and the young man with me kept stopping to admire things, so that the others got away ahead of us.

He admired the moon and the stars and the sky, and the shine of the water on the waves and the way that the trees cast their shadows, and he didn't seem to be thinking about me at all, just talking to me as he might to any friend. But when we walked into a shadowy place he said:

"Aren't you afraid of catching cold?" and touched my wrap.

"Oh, no," I said.

"You had better draw that together," said he, and put his arm about it to make it tight. He made it very tight, and the first thing I knew he kissed me.

It was done so quickly that I had no idea—I never saw a man kiss any one so quickly.

I gave such a scream that one could hear it a mile and boxed his ears, and as soon as I could tear myself away I ran as fast as I could to the house, and he ran as fast as he could to the village.

I was very angry and crying. He had given me no warning at all, and besides I did not like him enough. Such impudence! But I probably would not have said anything about the matter at the house, but that the next day all the people in the village were talking about it. My mistress heard of it and called me in, and I told her the truth; but she seemed to think that I could help being kissed, and I grew stubborn then and said I would not stay any more.

I am of a very yielding disposition when coaxed, and anything that I possess I will give away to any one who persists in asking me for it. That's one of my faults; my friends all tell me that I am too generous. But at the same time, when treated unjustly, I grow stubborn and won't give way.

And it was unjust to blame me for what that young man did. Who would have thought he would dare to do such a thing as kiss me? Why, he was only the young man who sailed the boat! And as to my screaming so loudly I could not help it; any girl would have screamed as loudly if she had been kissed as suddenly.

I went back to my sister's house in New York after I left this place, and stayed there a month resting. I had been nearly four years in the country, and in spite of sending $6 a month to mother during all that time and sending money to bring my second eldest brother here I had $485 in the savings bank.

A girl working as I was working does not need to spend much. I seldom had to buy a thing, there was so much that came to me just the least bit worn.

After I had rested and enjoyed a holiday I secured another situation, this time to mind the baby of a very rich young couple. It was the first and only baby of the mistress, and so it had been spoiled till I came to take charge. It had red hair and green eyes, and a fearful temper—really vicious.

I had thought that the place would be an easy one, but I soon found out that this was a great mistake. The baby was eighteen months old, and it had some settled bad habits. The maid and its mother used to give it its own way in everything.

"It won't go in the carriage," said the maid to me when I first took charge.

"It will with me," said I.

"It sleeps all day and cries all night," said the maid.

"It's been spoiled by getting its own way, that's the trouble," said I.

So I put it in the carriage and took it out to Central Park, in a shady place down by the lake. It fought and struggled and howled as if it would like to kill me, but I had brought a good book and I paid no attention to it.

It had an orange, a bottle of milk and some cakes, and threw them all away. I didn't even look at it. It cried for nearly four hours steadily, but we had the place to ourselves and I didn't mind.

When I was good and ready I took it to the restaurant and gave it a little ice cream, for I knew that it was sure to be hot and thirsty. I was sorry for doing that, however, because it cried and fought me again when I put it back in the carriage. It wanted me to carry it all the way in my arms, which I was determined not to do.

So the first day that I had it in charge the baby did not get any sleep, and was good and tired when its proper bedtime came. The maid told me that it would not go to sleep without being rocked; but I said that I was in charge of that baby now and it would have to give up its crankiness. I put it to bed and it did not wait for any rocking; it went right off to sleep.

The mistress came in and said that I was a clever, good girl, and she was sure that I would get along finely with the baby—that all it needed was some one who understood and sym-

pathized with it. She also said that it looked like a little angel. I wondered at her taste in angels.

Next day I carried the baby out to the park again for another lesson. It was in a dreadful temper, and when it was being dressed it beat the maid. It used to slap its mother and the maid in the face, but it never treated me in that manner. I would not allow it. I would hold up my finger and say, "B-a-a-a-a-a-by!" and it would understand and stop. It saw something in my eye that made it keep quiet. I have great influence over children.

We went down by the lake again that second day, and I read a good German book and let the baby rage. When it was crying it could not be sleeping, and it was far better to have it cry in the daytime than at night, when it disturbed the whole house.

The baby threw everything out of its carriage, even its coverlets and pillows, and tried to fall out itself, but it was tied in. It cried till it exhausted itself inventing new ways of screaming. I sat at a distance from it, so that its screaming would not annoy me too much, and read my book till it had finished. Then I went and got some ice cream for myself, and gave the baby very little. I wanted to teach it to do without things. It had been in the habit of getting everything it cried for, and that had made it hard to live with. That night, again, the baby went to sleep without

rocking, and the young mother was much pleased with my management and gave me a nice silk waist.

Day after day we went on like that. I took the baby some place where it could have its cry out without disturbing anybody, and I didn't allow it to sleep in the daytime, and so had it good and tired when night came on and other people wanted to sleep. It never failed to cry and struggle and throw its toys and food away, to show its rage, but I would have made a good baby of it had it not been for the mother and the maid. When I wasn't on hand they spoiled it by giving it all its own way. Even when I was on hand the mother was constantly running into the room and petting the baby. At its slightest cry she would come to see what it wanted, and hold things up for it to choose.

This made discipline impossible, and in the end the baby was too much for me. I was made to carry it about, and to get up and walk with it in the night, and at last my health broke down and I actually had to go to a hospital.

When I got out I stayed at my sister's for a month, and then went as a nursery governess in a family where there are three children, none of them over eight years of age. I have to teach them their lessons, including German, and to take them out driving and playing. I have recovered my health, but I will never again undertake to manage a strange baby.

The duties are light; I have two afternoons a week to myself and practically all the clothing I need to wear. My salary is $25 a month.

Wherever I have been employed here the food has always been excellent; in fact, precisely the same as that furnished to the employer's families. In Germany it is not so. Servants are all put on an allowance, and their food is very different from that given to their masters.

I like this country. I have a great many friends in New York and I enjoy my outings with them. We go to South Beach or North Beach or Glen Island or Rockaway or Coney Island. If we go on a boat we dance all the way there and all the way back, and we dance nearly all the time we are there.

I like Coney Island best of all. It is a wonderful and beautiful place. I took a German friend, a girl who had just come out, down there last week, and when we had been on the razzle-dazzle, the chute and the loop-the-loop, and down in the coal mine and all over the Bowery, and up in the tower and everywhere else, I asked her how she liked it. She said:

"Ach, it is just like what I see when I dream of heaven."

Yet I have heard some of the high people with whom I have been living say that Coney Island is not tony. The trouble is that these high people don't know how to dance. I have

to laugh when I see them at their balls and parties. If only I could get out on the floor and show them how—they would be astonished.

Two years ago, when I was with a friend at Rockaway Beach, I was introduced to a young man who has since asked me to marry him. He is a German from the Rhine country, and has been ten years in this country. Of course he is a tall, dark man, because I am so small and fair. It is always that way. Some of our friends laugh at us and say that we look like a milestone walking with a mile, but I don't think that it is any of their business and tell them so. Such things are started by girls who are jealous because they have no steady company.

I don't want to get married yet, because when a girl marries she can't have so much fun—or rather, she can't go about with more than one young man. But being engaged is almost as bad. I went to the theater with another young man one night, and Herman was very angry. We had a good quarrel, and he did not come to see me for a week.

A good-looking girl can have a fine time when she is single, but if she stays single too long she loses her good looks, and then no one will marry her.

Of course I am young yet, but still, as my mother used to say, "It's better to be sure than sorry," and I think that I won't wait any

longer. Some married women enjoy life almost as much as the young girls.

Herman is the assistant in a large grocery store. He has been there nine years, and knows all the customers. He has money saved, too, and soon will go into business for himself.

And then, again, I like him, because I think he's the best dancer I ever saw.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LIFE STORY OF AN IRISH COOK

The cook whose story follows, lived for many years in the home of one of America's best known literary women, who has taken down her conversation in this form.

I DON'T know why anybody wants to hear my history. Nothing ever happened to me worth the tellin' except when my mother died. Now she was an extraordinary person. The neighbors all respected her, an' the minister. "Go ask Mrs. McNabb," he'd say to the women in the neighborhood here when they come wantin' advice.

But about me—I was born nigh to Limavaddy; it's a pretty town close to Londonderry. We lived in a peat cabin, but it had a good thatched roof. Mother put on that roof. It isn't a woman's work, but she—was able for it.

There were sivin childher of us. John an' Matthew they went to Australia. Mother was layin' by for five year to get their passage money. They went into the bush. We heard twice from thim and then no more. Not another word and that is forty year gone now —on account of them not reading and writing. Learning isn't cheap in them old countries as it is here, you see. I suppose they're dead

now—John would be ninety now—and in heaven. They were honest men. My mother sent Joseph to Londonderry to larn the weaver's trade. My father he never was a steddy worker. He took to the drink early in life. My mother an' me an' Tilly we worked in the field for Squire Varney. Yes, plowin' an' seedin' and diggin'—any farm work he'd give us. We did men's work, but we didn't get men's pay. No, of course not. In winter we did lace work for a merchant in Londonderry. (Ann still can embroider beautifully.) It was pleasanter nor diggin' after my hands was fit for it. But it took two weeks every year to clean and soften my hands for the needle.

Pay was very small and the twins—that was Maria and Philip—they were too young to work at all. What did we eat? Well, just potatoes. On Sundays, once a month, we'd maybe have a bit of flitch. When the potatoes rotted—that was the hard times! Oh, yes, I mind the famine years. An' the cornmeal that the 'Mericans sent. The folks said they'd rather starve nor eat it. We didn't know how to cook it. Here I eat corn dodgers and fried mush fast enough.

Maria—she was one of the twins—she died the famine year of the typhus and—well, she sickened of the herbs and roots we eat—we had no potatoes.

Mother said when Maria died, " There's a

curse on ould green Ireland and we'll get out of it." So we worked an' saved for four year an' then Squire Varney helped a bit an' we sent Tilly to America. She had always more head than me. She came to Philadelphia and got a place for general housework at Mrs. Bent's. Tilly got but two dollars a week, bein' a greenhorn. But she larned hand over hand, and Mrs. Bent kept no other help and laid out to teach her. She larned her to cook and bake and to wash and do up shirts —all American fashion. Then Tilly axed three dollars a week. Mother always said, "Don't ax a penny more than you're worth. But know your own vally and ax that."

She had no expenses and laid by money enough to bring me out before the year was gone. I sailed from Londonderry. The ship was a sailin' vessel, the "Mary Jane." The passage was $12. You brought your own eating, your tea an' meal, an' most had flitch. There was two big stoves that we cooked on. The steerage was a dirty place and we were eight weeks on the voyage—over time three weeks. The food ran scarce, I tell you, but the captain gave some to us, and them that had plenty was kind to the others. I've heard bad stories of things that went on in the steerage in them old times—smallpox and fevers and starvation and worse. But I saw nothing of them in my ship. The folks were decent and the captain was kind.

When I got here Mrs. Bent let Tilly keep me for two months to teach me—me bein' such a greenhorn. Of course I worked for her. Mr. Bent was foreman then in Spangler's big mills. After two months I got a place. They were nice appearing people enough, but the second day I found out they were Jews. I never had seen a Jew before, so I packed my bag and said to the lady, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I can't eat the bread of them as crucified the Saviour." "But," she said, "he was a Jew." So at that I put out. I couldn't hear such talk. Then I got a place for general housework with Mrs. Carr. I got $2 till I learned to cook good, and then $3 and then $4. I was in that house as cook and nurse for twenty-two years. Tilly lived with the Bents till she died, eighteen years. Mr. Bent come to be partner in the mills and got rich, and they moved into a big house in Germantown and kept a lot of help and Tilly was housekeeper. How did we keep our places so long? Well, I think me and Tilly was clean in our work and we was decent, and, of course, we was honest. Nobody living can say that one of the McNabbs ever wronged him of a cent. Mrs. Carr's interests was my interests. I took better care of her things than she did herself, and I loved the childher as if they was my own. She used to tell me my sin was I was stingy. I don't know. The McNabbs are no wasteful folk. I've worn

one dress nine year and it looked decent then. Me and Tilly saved till we brought Joseph and Phil over, and they went into Mr. Bent's mills as weaver and spool boy and then they saved, and we all brought out my mother and father. We rented a little house in Kensington for them. There was a parlor in it and kitchen and two bedrooms and bathroom and marble door step, and a bell. That was in '66, and we paid nine dollars a month rent. You'd pay double that now. It took all our savings to furnish it, but Mrs. Bent and Mrs. Carr gave us lots of things to go in. To think of mother having a parlor and marble steps and a bell! They came on the old steamer "Indiana" and got here at night, and we had supper for them and the house all lighted up. Well, you ought to have seen mother's old face! I'll never forget that night if I live to be a hundred. After that mother took in boarders and Joseph and Phil was there. We all put every cent we earned into building associations. So Tilly owned a house when she died and I own this one now. Our ladies told us how to put the money so as to breed more, and we never spent a cent we could save. Joseph pushed on and got big wages and started a flour store, and Phil went to night-school and got a place as clerk. He married a teacher in the Kensington public school. She was a showy miss! Silk dress and feathers in her hat!

Father died soon after he come. The drink here wasn't as wholesome for him as it was in Ireland. Poor father! He was a good-hearted man, but he wasn't worth a penny when he died.

Mother lived to be eighty. She was respected by all Kensington. The night she died she said: " I have much to praise God for. I haven't a child that is dependent on the day's work for the day's victuals. Every one of them owns a roof to cover him."

Joseph did well in his flour store. He has a big one on Market Street now and lives in a pretty house out in West Philadelphia. He's one of the wardens in his church out there and his girls gives teas and goes to reading clubs.

But Phil is the one to go ahead! His daughter Ann—she was named for me, but she calls herself Antoinette—is engaged to a young lawyer in New York. He gave her a diamond engagement ring the other day. And his son, young Phil, is in politics and a member of councils. He makes money hand over hand. He has an automobile and a fur coat, and you see his name at big dinners and him making speeches. No saving of pennies or building associations for Phil.

It was Phil that coaxed me to give up work at Mrs. Carr's and to open my house for boarders here in Kensington. His wife didn't like to hear it said I was working in somebody's kitchen. I've done well with the

boarders. I know just how to feed them so as to lay by a little sum every year. I heard that young Phil told some of his friends that he had a queer old aunt up in Kensington who played poor, but had a great store of money hoarded away. He shouldn't have told a story like that. But young folks will be young! I like the boy. He is certainly bringing the family into notice in the world. Last Sunday's paper had his picture and one of the young lady he is going to marry in New York. It called him the young millionaire McNabb. But I judge he's not that. He wanted to borrow the money I have laid by in the old bank at Walnut and Seventh the other day and said he'd double it in a week. No such work as that for me! But the boy certainly is a credit to the family!

CHAPTER IX

THE LIFE STORY OF A FARMER'S WIFE

This story of an Illinois farmer's wife is printed exactly as she penned it.

I HAVE been a farmer's wife in one of the States of the Middle West for thirteen years, and everybody knows that the farmer's wife must of a necessity be a very practical woman, if she would be a successful one.

I am not a practical woman and consequently have been accounted a failure by practical friends and especially by my husband, who is wholly practical.

We are told that the mating of people of opposite natures promotes intellectuality in the offspring; but I think that happy homes are of more consequence than extreme precocity of children. However, I believe that people who are thinking of mating do not even consider whether it is to be the one or the other.

We do know that when people of opposite tastes get married there's a discordant note runs through their entire married life. It's

only a question of which one has the stronger will in determining which tastes shall predominate.

In our case my husband has the stronger will; he is innocent of book learning, is a natural hustler who believes that the only way to make an honest living lies in digging it out of the ground, so to speak, and being a farmer, he finds plenty of digging to do; he has an inherited tendency to be miserly, loves money for its own sake rather than for its purchasing power, and when he has it in his possession he is loath to part with it, even for the most necessary articles, and prefers to eschew hired help in every possible instance that what he does make may be his very own.

No man can run a farm without some one to help him, and in this case I have always been called upon and expected to help do anything that a man would be expected to do; I began this when we were first married, when there were few household duties and no reasonable excuse for refusing to help.

I was reared on a farm, was healthy and strong, was ambitious, and the work was not disagreeable, and having no children for the first six years of married life, the habit of going whenever asked to became firmly fixed, and he had no thought of hiring a man to help him, since I could do anything for which he needed help.

I was always religiously inclined; brought

up to attend Sunday school, not in a haphazard way, but to attend every Sunday all the year round, and when I was twelve years old I was appointed teacher to a Sunday school class, a position I proudly held until I married at eighteen years of age.

I was an apt student at school and before I was eighteen I had earned a teacher's certificate of the second grade and would gladly have remained in school a few more years, but I had, unwittingly, agreed to marry the man who is now my husband, and though I begged to be released, his will was so much stronger that I was unable to free myself without wounding a loving heart, and could not find it in my nature to do so.

All through life I have found my dislike for giving offense to be my undoing. When we were married and moved away from my home church, I fain would have adopted the church of my new residence, but my husband did not like to go to church; had rather go visiting on Sundays, and rather than have my right hand give offense, I cut it off.

I always had a passion for reading; during girlhood it was along educational lines; in young womanhood it was for love stories, which remained ungratified because my father thought it sinful to read stories of any kind, and especially love stories.

Later, when I was married, I borrowed everything I could find in the line of novels

and stories, and read them by stealth still, for my husband thought it a willful waste of time to read anything and that it showed a lack of love for him if I would rather read than to talk to him when I had a few moments of leisure, and, in order to avoid giving offense and still gratify my desire, I would only read when he was not at the house, thereby greatly curtailing my already too limited reading hours.

In reading miscellaneously I got glimpses now and then of the great poets and authors, which aroused a great desire for a thorough perusal of them all; but up till the present time I have not been permitted to satisfy this desire. As the years have rolled on there has been more work and less leisure until is only by the greatest effort that I may read current news.

It is only during the last three years that I have had the news to read, for my husband is so very penurious that he would never consent to subscribing for papers of any kind and that old habit of avoiding that which would give offense was so fixed that I did not dare to break it.

The addition of two children to our family never altered or interfered with the established order of things to any appreciable extent. My strenuous outdoor life agreed with me, and even when my children were born, I was splendidly prepared for the ordeal and made rapid recovery. I still hoed and tended the

truck patches and garden, still watered the stock and put out feed for them, still went to the hay field and helped harvest and house the bounteous crops; still helped harvest the golden grain later on when the cereals ripened; often took one team and dragged ground to prepare the seed-bed for wheat for weeks at the time, while my husband was using the other team on another farm which he owns several miles away.

While the children were babies they were left at the house, and when they were larger they would go with me to my work; now they are large enough to help a little during the summer and to go to school in winter; they help a great deal during the fruit canning season—in fact, can and do work at almost everything, pretty much as I do.

All the season, from the coming in of the first fruits until the making of mince-meat at Christmas time, I put up canned goods for future use; gather in many bushels of field beans and the other crops usually raised on the farm; make sour-kraut, ketchup, pickles, etc.

This is a vague, general idea of how I spend my time; my work is so varied that it would be difficult, indeed, to describe a typical day's work.

Any bright morning in the latter part of May I am out of bed at four o'clock; next, after I have dressed and combed my hair, I

start a fire in the kitchen stove, and while the stove is getting hot I go to my flower garden and gather a choice, half-blown rose and a spray of bride's wreath, and arrange them in my hair, and sweep the floors and then cook breakfast.

While the other members of the family are eating breakfast I strain away the morning's milk (for my husband milks the cows while I get breakfast), and fill my husband's dinner-pail, for he will go to work on our other farm for the day.

By this time it is half-past five o'clock, my husband is gone to his work, and the stock loudly pleading to be turned into the pastures. The younger cattle, a half-dozen steers, are left in the pasture at night, and I now drive the two cows, a half-quarter mile and turn them in with the others, come back, and then there's a horse in the barn that belongs in a field where there is no water, which I take to a spring quite a distance from the barn; bring it back and turn it into a field with the sheep, a dozen in number, which are housed at night.

The young calves are then turned out into the warm sunshine, and the stock hogs, which are kept in a pen, are clamoring for feed, and I carry a pailful of swill to them, and hasten to the house and turn out the chickens and put out feed and water for them, and it is, perhaps, 6.30 A. M.

I have not eaten breakfast yet, but that can wait; I make the beds next and straighten things up in the living room, for I dislike to have the early morning caller find my house topsy-turvy. When this is done I go to the kitchen, which also serves as a dining-room, and uncover the table, and take a mouthful of food occasionally as I pass to and fro at my work until my appetite is appeased.

By the time the work is done in the kitchen it is about 7.15 A. M., and the cool morning hours have flown, and no hoeing done in the garden yet, and the children's toilet has to be attended to and churning has to be done.

Finally the children are washed and churning done, and it is eight o'clock, and the sun getting hot, but no matter, weeds die quickly when cut down in the heat of the day, and I use the hoe to a good advantage until the dinner hour, which is 11.30 A. M. We come in, and I comb my hair, and put fresh flowers in it, and eat a cold dinner, put out feed and water for the chickens; set a hen, perhaps, sweep the floors again; sit down and rest, and read a few moments, and it is nearly one o'clock, and I sweep the door yard while I am waiting for the clock to strike the hour.

I make and sow a flower bed, dig around some shrubbery, and go back to the garden to hoe until time to do the chores at night, but ere long some hogs come up to the back gate, through the wheat field, and when I go to see

what is wrong I find that the cows have torn the fence down, and they, too, are in the wheat field.

With much difficulty I get them back into their own domain and repair the fence. I hoe in the garden till four o'clock; then I go into the house and get supper, and prepare something for the dinner pail to-morrow; when supper is all ready it is set aside, and I pull a few hundred plants of tomato, sweet potato or cabbage for transplanting, set them in a cool, moist place where they will not wilt, and I then go after the horse, water him, and put him in the barn; call the sheep and house them, and go after the cows and milk them, feed the hogs, put down hay for three horses, and put oats and corn in their troughs, and set those plants and come in and fasten up the chickens, and it is dark. By this time it is 8 o'clock P. M.; my husband has come home, and we are eating supper; when we are through eating I make the beds ready, and the children and their father go to bed, and I wash the dishes and get things in shape to get breakfast quickly next morning.

It is now about 9 o'clock P. M., and after a short prayer I retire for the night.

As a matter of course, there's hardly two days together which require the same routine, yet every day is as fully occupied in some way or other as this one, with varying tasks as the seasons change. In early spring we are plant-

ing potatoes, making plant beds, planting garden, early corn patches, setting strawberries, planting corn, melons, cow peas, sugar cane, beans, popcorn, peanuts, etc.

Oats are sown in March and April, but I do not help do that, because the ground is too cold.

Later in June we harvest clover hay, in July timothy hay, and in August pea hay.

Winter wheat is ready to harvest the latter part of June, and oats the middle of July.

These are the main crops, supplemented by cabbages, melons, potatoes, tomatoes, etc.

Fully half of my time is devoted to helping my husband, more than half during the active work season, and not that much during the winter months; only a very small portion of my time is devoted to reading. My reading matter accumulates during the week, and I think I will stay at home on Sunday and read, but as we have many visitors on Sunday I am generally disappointed.

I sometimes visit my friends on Sunday because they are so insistent that I should, though I would prefer spending the day reading quietly at home. I have never had a vacation, but if I should be allowed one I should certainly be pleased to spend it in an art gallery.

As winter draws nigh I make snug all the vegetables and apples, pumpkins, and such things as would damage by being frozen, and

gather in the various kinds of nuts which grow in our woods to eat during the long, cold winter.

My husband's work keeps him away from home during the day all the winter, except in extremely inclement weather, and I feed and water the stock, which have been brought in off the pastures; milk the cows and do all the chores which are to be done about a farm in winter.

By getting up early and hustling around pretty lively I do all this and countless other things; keep house in a crude, simple manner; wash, make and mend our clothes; make rag carpets, cultivate and keep more flowers than anybody in the neighborhood, raise some chickens to sell and some to keep, and even teach instrumental music sometimes.

I have always had an itching to write, and, with all my multitudinous cares, I have written, in a fitful way, for several papers, which do not pay for such matter, just because I was pleased to see my articles in print.

I have a long list of correspondents, who write regularly and often to me, and, by hook and crook, I keep up with my letter-writing, for, next to reading, I love to write and receive letters, though my husband says I will break him up buying so much writing material; when, as a matter of course, I pay for it out of my own scanty income.

I am proud of my children, and have, from

the time they were young babies, tried to make model children of them. They were not spoiled as some babies are, and their education was begun when I first began to speak to them, with the idea of not having the work to do over later on. True, they did not learn to spell until they were old enough to start to school, because I did not have time to teach them that; but, in going about my work, I told them stories of all kinds, in plain, simple language which they could understand, and after once hearing a story they could repeat it in their own way, which did not differ greatly from mine, to any one who cared to listen, for they were not timid or afraid of anybody.

I have watched them closely, and never have missed an opportunity to correct their errors until their language is as correct as that of the average adult, as far as their vocabulary goes, and I have tried to make it as exhaustive as my time would permit.

I must admit that there is very little time for the higher life for myself, but my soul cries out for it, and my heart is not in my homely duties; they are done in a mechanical abstracted way, not worthy of a woman of high ambitions; but my ambitions are along other lines.

I do not mean to say that I have no ambition to do my work well, and to be a model housekeeper, for I would scorn to slight my work in-

tentionally; it is just this way: There are so many outdoor duties that the time left for household duties is so limited that I must rush through them, with a view to getting each one done in the shortest possible time, in order to get as many things accomplished as possible, for there is never time to do half as much as needs to be done.

All the time that I have been going about this work I have been thinking of things I have read; of things I have on hand to read when I can get time, and of other things which I have a desire to read, but cannot hope to while the present condition exists.

As a natural consequence, there are, daily, numerous instances of absentmindedness on my part; many things left undone that I really could have done by leaving off something else of less importance, if I had not forgotten the thing of the more importance. My husband never fails to remind me that it is caused by my reading so much; that I would get along much better if I should never see a book or paper, while really I would be distracted if all reading matter was taken from me.

I use an old fashioned churn, and the process of churning occupies from thirty minutes to three hours, according to the condition of the cream, and I always read something while churning, and though that may look like a poor way to attain self-culture, yet if your reading

is of the nature to bring about that desirable result, one will surely be greatly benefited by these daily exercises.

But if one is just reading for amusement, they might read a great deal more than that and not derive any great benefit; but my reading has always been for the purpose of becoming well informed; and when knitting stockings for the family I always have a book or paper in reading distance; or, if I have a moment to rest or to wait on something, I pick up something and read during the time. I even take a paper with me to the fields and read while I stop for rest.

I often hear ladies remark that they do not have time to read. I happen to know that they have a great deal more time than I do, but not having any burning desire to read, the time is spent in some other way; often spent at a neighbor's house gossiping about the other neighbors.

I suppose it is impossible for a woman to do her best at everything which she would like to do, but I really would like to. I almost cut sleep out of my routine in trying to keep up all the rows which I have started in on; in the short winter days I just get the cooking and house straightening done in addition to looking after the stock and poultry, and make a garment occasionally, and wash and iron the clothes; all the other work is done after night by lamp light, and when the work for the day

is over, or at least the most pressing part of it, and the family are all asleep and no one to forbid it, I spend a few hours writing or reading.

The minister who performed the marriage ceremony for us has always taken a kindly interest in our fortunes and, knowing of my literary bent, has urged me to turn it to account; but there seemed to be so little time and opportunity that I could not think seriously of it, although I longed for a literary career; but my education had been dropped for a dozen years or more, and I knew that I was not properly equipped for that kind of a venture.

This friend was so insistent that I was induced to compete for a prize in a short story contest in a popular magazine not long since, though I entered it fully prepared for a failure.

About that time there came in my way the literature of a correspondence school which would teach, among other things, short story writing by mail; it set forth all the advantages of a literary career and proposed properly to equip its students in that course for a consideration.

This literature I greedily devoured, and felt that I could not let the opportunity slip, though I despaired of getting my husband's consent.

I presented the remunerative side of it to him, but he could only see the expense of tak-

ing the course, and wondered how I could find time to spend in the preparation, even if it should be profitable in the end; but he believed it was all a humbug; that they would get my money and I would hear from them no more.

When I had exhausted my arguments to no avail, I sent my literary friend to him, to try his persuasive powers. The two of us, finally, gained his consent, but it was on condition that the venture was to be kept profoundly secret, for he felt sure that there would be nothing but failure, and he desired that no one should know of it and have cause for ridicule.

Contrary to his expectations the school has proven very trustworthy, and I am in the midst of a course of instruction which is very pleasing to me; and I find time for study and exercise between the hours of eight and eleven at night, when the family are asleep and quiet. I am instructed to read a great deal, with a certain purpose in view, but that is impossible, sinceI had to promise my husband that I would drop all my papers, periodicals, etc., on which I was paying out money for subscription before he would consent to my taking the course. This I felt willing to do, that I might prepare myself for more congenial tasks; I hope to accomplish something worthy of note in a literary way since I have been a failure in all other pursuits. One cannot be anything in particular as long as they try to be everything, and my motto has always been: "Strive to

Excel," and it has caused worry wrinkles to mar my countenance, because I could not, under the circumstances, excel in any particular thing.

I have a few friends who are so anxious for my success that they are having certain publications of reading matter sent to me at their own expense; however, there's only a very limited number who know of my ambitions.

My friends have always been so kind as not to hint that I had not come up to their expectations in various lines, but I inwardly knew that they regarded me as a financial failure; they knew that my husband would not allow the money that was made off the farm to be spent on the family, but still they knew of other men who did the same, yet the wives managed some way to have money of their own and to keep up the family expenses and clothe themselves and children nicely anyhow, but they did not seem to take into account that these thrifty wives had the time all for their own in which to earn a livelihood while my time was demanded by my husband, to be spent in doing things for him which would contribute to the general proceeds of the farm, yet would add nothing to my income, since I was supposed to look to my own resources for my spending money.

When critical housewives spend the day with me I always feel that my surroundings appear to a disadvantage. They cannot possibly

know the inside workings of our home, and knowing myself to be capable of the proper management of a home if I had the chance of others, I feel like I am receiving a mental criticism from them which is unmerited, and when these smart neighbors tell me proudly how many young chicks they have, and how many eggs and old hens they have sold during the year, I am made to feel that they are crowing over their shrewdness, which they regard as lacking in me, because they will persist in measuring my opportunities by their own.

I might add that the neighbors among whom I live are illiterate and unmusical, and that my redeeming qualities, in their eyes, are my superior education and musical abilities; they are kind enough to give me more than justice on these qualities because they are poor judges of such matters.

But money is king, and if I might turn my literary bent to account, and surround myself with the evidences of prosperity, I may yet hope fully to redeem myself in their eyes, and I know that I will have attained my ambition in that line.

CHAPTER X

THE LIFE STORY OF AN ITINERANT MINISTER

This is the story of a handicapped life. Its author is a preacher in the Southern Methodist Church.

I WAS born in a fine old county of one of the Southern States. My father was a German, and came to this country when a young man. He was a steady, industrious, frugal man, and made many friends in his new home. He worked on one of the first railroads built in the South, serving in the capacity of a "track-raiser," or section foreman, for more than a dozen years. He then bought a farm and moved to it when I was about five years old, and it was on this farm that my childhood was spent. My mother belonged to one of the oldest families of the county, and was a woman of good sense and decided character. There were eight children of us, three sons and five daughters. My mother had two brothers who were afflicted with cataract. And this same infirmity showed itself in our family in one of those strange freaks of heredity. My oldest brother developed cataract on his eyes several years after

birth, while in my younger brother and myself it was congenital. And my case was the worst of the three, and worse than either of my maternal uncles. One of my earliest and most vivid recollections is the first of four operations on my eyes for this trouble. It was before I was five years old—and long before the days of local anesthesias. I was placed full length on a bench, tied hand and foot, my head was grasped firmly, and my eyes, first one and then the other, were held open, while the doctor inserted a sharp needle, and attempted to cut up the cataract, hoping that the particles would be taken up by absorption. It was only after the third of these operations that I experienced any great benefit. I was then thirteen years old, and large enough to submit quietly to the operation. I remember it all so well. It was a day in May. I sat down before a window, and the doctor inserted his needle in the right eye. A moment later he had pressed the cataract from over the sight. And then, as if a dense fog had suddenly rolled away, there burst upon my view such a vision of field and sky and sunlight as I had never looked upon before. I forgot the pain of the operation, and broke out into rapturous exclamations of delight. That was over forty years ago, but that day in May and that afternoon hour marked an epoch in my life. Afterwards I could see to read ordinary print.

But the sight these successive operations left with me was far from perfect vision. The reading I was enabled to do, and that which I have done all my life, was with the right eye—there is still some cataract on the left eye—and by the aid of the strongest glasses that could be had. These glasses were double convex, and looked like the lenses of a microscope.

I entered school at thirteen. The teachers were very kind to me, and took much interest in putting me forward in my studies. These were war times in the South, and spectacles, like many other things, were not easily obtained, so my younger brother and myself were forced to use the same pair of glasses in school. But I learned many of my lessons through the eye of others, especially two girl cousins of mine, and got on pretty well. By the end of the first year I could read readily, and had taken some lessons in geography and history, as well as arithmetic.

I attended school a part of every year after this until I was twenty-one years old, during which period I read some, or all, of the works of Hume, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, and many books by authors of less note and ability, and acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, a little knowledge of Greek, went into geometry in mathematics, and gained a pretty thorough acquaintance with the English branches. It was my hope that when I should be ready to

go, I could enter the old college, whose bell we could almost hear from our home. But my father died very suddenly in June, when I was in my twentieth year, and while he left an estate of several thousand dollars, our affairs were not well managed, and I did not have the opportunity of completing my education in this way.

When I reached twenty-one I was confronted by a serious question: What should my life work be? Farm work was out of the question, the printer's trade, which I should have preferred to everything else, was equally so! no merchant wanted a clerk who was too blind to wait on his customers, and school-teaching seemed as impracticable as any of the rest. Through the help of an uncle, I got a little school, which was taught in one end of an abandoned log cabin. This lasted only a few months, and was the beginning and end of my experience in the work of a teacher.

Ours was a religious home. Family prayers was one of the institutions of the home, and my part in this—after I was ten years old—was to set the hymns, which my father lined out in the good old way of our ancestors. And I was a religious child. I often prayed that I might see well, and it would have been no surprise to my childish faith if the Heavenly Father had taken me at my word, and allowed me to open my eyes on the world with the sight that others had, I was consciously and satis-

factorily converted when I was in my sixteenth year, and some time afterwards connected myself with the Methodist Church. Because I showed a religious bent, perhaps, and possibly because they could see nothing for me but the work of the ministry, my friends and family used to tell me that they thought I ought to preach. But what they said rather hindered than helped me. I believed then, as I do now, that every true preacher is called of God, as was Aaron, and to preach because I could do nothing else, seemed little less than sacrilege. But after a hard and very honest struggle over the question, I decided to give my life to the ministry, and was licensed to preach at twenty-two. A year later I was recommended for admission on trial in the itinerancy, but the presiding elder under whom I was licensed to preach, told me very plainly that he did not think I could see well enough to be a traveling Methodist preacher. He was a brother of one of the bishops, and a man of much influence, and there seemed no appeal from his decision.

This decision quite upset me. My mother's affairs were in such a condition that I could no longer depend upon her for my living. But what should—rather, what could—I do? There was still left to me my license as a local preacher; but there was nothing in this work in the way of an occupation, and no compensation whatever. And while I was willing

enough to preach the Gospel " without money and without price," I must live the while. For some months this year I had the very uncomfortable consciousness of living a useless life. In the spring, however, a distant kinsman, whom my father, several years before, had set up in business, offered me a position in the railroad station and post office in the village, two miles away, saying as he did so: " I will give you your board at first, and if everything works well will give you some clothes later." I accepted the place at once, and went to work in five minutes after the offer was made. I worked here nearly six months before I received more than my board. I remained here three years and a half, the highest salary I received at any time being only twelve dollars a month, out of which I paid seven dollars a month board. My duties were miscellaneous. I helped to load and unload freight, handled many a bale of cotton during the season from September till April, lifted numberless bags of highly scented commercial fertilizers, looked after the post office, and did just anything my employer could find for me to do. I had much leisure in the summer, which, with odd times at other seasons, I spent in reading and writing. I went over the Bible every year, took up the course of study for young preachers, and did what preaching I could, often walking five or six miles to an appointment. All the time I was longing and hoping

against hope that one day I might be admitted to the Conference, and give my whole time to the ministry. At last this longed-for opportunity came. Some of my friends took it into their heads that I could see sufficiently well to do the work of an itinerant preacher, used their influence with the presiding elder, the same one who had kept me waiting over three years, and just as I was nearing my twenty-seventh birthday I found myself enrolled as a member of one of the Conferences of my Church—and about the happiest man in it.

My experiences at the first annual Conference I ever attended were of the superlative degree. I alternated between hope and fear at first as to whether I should be received, and after this suspense was over, I wondered with fear and trembling what my appointment would be. And when, on the last day of the session—appointments are always read out just before the Conference adjourns *sine die*—I sat with two hundred men, who, like myself, were waiting for the Bishop to announce our fields of labor for another year, I think I must have had some of the feelings of a soldier just on the eve of battle. The Bishop read slowly, allowing the secretary to copy his announcements—first the name of the charge and then the name of the preacher. I was sitting with a neighbor-boy who, like myself, had just been accepted by the Conference. The Bishop came to his name first, giving him a place as

junior preacher on the hardest work, perhaps, in the whole territory embraced in the Conference. And then, after some time, which really seemed very long, he came to me. "—— ——," he read, and then, after the secretary had written the name, he read out my name. And I was delighted. The town was only twenty-five miles from my home, the circuit seemed very desirable for many reasons, and I really felt flattered by the appointment. But my rejoicing was not for long. I discovered in a little while that the course of the itinerant is like the course of true love, in that it doesn't always run smoothly.

I left home about the 1st of January with a small trunk that held a few clothes and a small number of books, and about three dollars in money, which some of my friends were kind enough to give me. The welcome I received was about as cold as the day's ride in an open buggy had been. Things were in confusion. The town church had been cut off from a strong circuit, and associated with it were three weak churches. The people of the town church had held a meeting and passed resolutions to the effect that, "if they were not restored to their original circuit, they would withdraw from the connection." There was nothing for me to do but to wait until the proper authorities decided the question at issue, and to go on with my work with as little friction as might be. On Saturday before the

first Sunday I walked four miles through the snow, facing a bitter northwest wind, to one of the country churches, and found two brethren awaiting me. To these I talked on some verses of the Thirty-fourth Psalm. The next day more came, and I preached on Philippians 3: 13, 14. That first week I visited and prayed with fifteen families, walking five and six miles a day through the mud and melting snow.

I remained on this circuit about three weeks, when I was ordered by my presiding elder to go to the ———— mission. Here I had some new towns on a new line of railroad, with two country churches, to which I walked over roads that were little better than bridle paths. The country was hilly and much broken; the people outside of the towns lived in very plain houses, often with only one room; my fare for days together, when away from home, was only coarse corn bread, fat bacon, and coffee without cream or sugar—and not a church on the work had a stove, or was ceiled. One of them was even without a door shutter. But the people were kind, open-hearted folk, my boarding place was very agreeable and I was quite contented. I remained there two years, receiving an average salary of about $165 a year. I paid my landlady ten dollars a month, from which she deducted the time that I was away from home. I bought as many books as my salary would warrant, but it was years after this be-

fore I had a full set of commentaries on the Bible, or anything in the way of an encyclopedia. This lack forced me to be my own commentator, which I have continued to be most of my life since. I have found that it is better to read the Bible than to read about it.

The next year I had a circuit with two towns and four country churches, and which paid me less than $150. The fourth year, however, I got on better. I had a charge that embraced six churches, all in a rough country, and twenty-five miles from one extreme to another. I rode this circuit on a mule, which, together with board, washing and the kindest attention, was furnished me by Brother H——, for eight dollars a month. My home was in the country, three miles from the post office, and I did the most satisfactory year's reading of my whole life. Brother H's wife was the hardest worked woman I have ever known, I think. She cooked, did her washing and house-cleaning, milked a cow or two, looked after three small children, and found time to help her husband in the field. I received about $300 this year, and saved enough out of it to buy a beautiful pony the next year.

I spent the next three years in the county of ———. Here I had much success in my work. A great revival swept over the county, in which others were more useful than myself, and I received about 175 into the Church. Five young men, who are now preachers, took

their start in religious work during these years, and I call them "my boys."

After being in the itinerancy nine years, I decided to marry. I had received an average salary of $200 a year, but I was assured by my presiding elder that if I would marry, better provision would be made for me. I found a sensible, religious country girl, who, after some persuasion, consented to share my itinerant lot, and so, just before Conference met, we were married, and went to the session a very happy bridal couple. And we got a good appointment.

Our first parsonage was a three-room cottage, unpainted, with only one room ceiled, and a little veranda, on which morning glories were trained to grow in great luxuriance that summer. We remained here two years, during which the church prospered greatly. About a hundred members were taken in, and the finances of the charge improved considerably; and our salary of some $450 a year gave us a comfortable support. Our first child was born this year, a boy, who is nearly eighteen now.

The most trying period of my life came some years later. We spent some time in a malarial section of the State, and my nervous system was so much affected by this poison that I was unable to preach for several months. And before I had fully recovered from this attack the mother of my children sickened and died

of rapid consumption. She left me with three children, six, nine and twelve years of age respectively, with no settled home, and health much broken. But I was among my kindred at the time, my old mother came to my house, and after a year and a half, I found another good woman as my wife, and the mother of my children.

I have now been an itinerant Methodist preacher almost twenty-eight years. My salary, since I was married, has averaged $380 a year, exclusive of house rent. I have only once or twice left a circuit in debt to any one in it, and am to-day free from financial embarrassment. I am now serving my twentieth pastoral charge, and these frequent changes from one pastorate to another, which have in one or two instances involved moves of two hundred miles or more, have greatly added to the expenses of the work. I have paid out three or four hundred dollars in railroad and hack fares, and in freight charges, besides the loss incident to breaking up and moving from one place to another. I have kept a horse fifteen years, and a buggy about a dozen, have had one horse to die and another to go blind, and the buggy I now have is almost like the wonderful one-horse chaise, just before that classic vehicle went to pieces. My sight is sufficient to enable me to drive over plain and familiar roads.

We find it necessary to be economical. Our

living is simple. In the morning we have biscuit and butter and bacon gravy, with a little ham now and then, and chicken in the summer, and fresh pork—when our neighbors furnish it—in winter. We also have coffee for my wife and myself, and " kettle tea " for the children. At dinner, we have vegetables, such as beans, potatoes and corn, during the summer, with good bread, home-made, and sometimes a simple dessert. At supper, which we generally have about night-fall, we have bread and butter, with fruit, when we can get it, and milk or tea. We have occupied nine different parsonages, and attached to these have generally been lots large enough for a good garden and sundry patches. On our present lot we hope to make a light bale of cotton this year. I usually buy one good suit of clothes every two or three years, which I save for marriages, funerals and strictly Sunday wear, making less costly clothes answer for everyday wear. These best suits usually cost about fifteen dollars, and I get them ready-made out of the stores. My wife usually makes her own dresses, and does most of the sewing for the family. We keep no servants, but put out the washing and ironing, which costs about fifty cents a week. We generally rise about six, have breakfast an hour later, the little girls go to school, after washing the dishes—my son has been away from home most of the time for a year, attend-

ing school—and my wife and I put things to rights in our room, and then sit down for a quiet morning's work. I find the hours before twelve o'clock in the day much the best time in the whole twenty-four for study. I find it hard to be regular in my habits of study. A trip of six to twelve miles in the country must be made every other week to preach at the churches away from my home, and the demand for visiting is a constant draft on my time. My preaching has been plain, and extemporaneous, after careful general preparation. I have tried to take the great themes of the Bible and present them in such ways and words as would bring them within the comprehension of the common people. I have had pastoral connection with about one hundred different congregations, in twenty-four different counties of my native State, and I am sure I have preached to at least fifty thousand different people. I have received about one thousand members into the Church, and have seen a number of gracious revivals. I have reason to know that I have done some good and reason to believe that I have done some of which I have had no knowledge. A few years ago, at a Conference session, I was introduced to a young preacher, who said, "Why, I know you already. At —— campground, some ten or twelve years ago, I heard you preach on Sunday night. Under that sermon I was convicted and converted, and

so were fifteen others." And this man had been preaching several years, though I had never met him before.

I have gathered a collection of good books, but have not been able to buy many new works as they have come from the press. I have not yet gotten over my penchant for literary work, and recently have written a novel, which seems not good enough, or mayhap, bad enough, to meet the demands of publishers. It deals with a living question, though it is not a "problem" novel. The scene is laid in the South, but there is not a "Colonel," nor a "Judge" in it, a fact which ought to commend it to the favor of intelligent people.

I suppose I have been hindered in my work by my defective sight. At any rate, I have been told a number of times that nothing but this stood in the way of my promotion. But it has not hindered me from traveling some of the largest and hardest circuits in my Conference. But it has saved me from the envy and jealousy of other preachers, and that is something to be thankful for. This same defective sight has had its compensations in many ways. The world in which I have lived has had more mysteries in it than the world of those who see well, and larger room for imagination, and for those poetic fancies which give the earth and sky and sun and stars a beauty that is not otherwise their own. And there have been other compensations. The very effort neces-

sary to acquire the knowledge that I have gathered has made me husband it all the more carefully. I could not lightly throw away that which cost me so much.

I have been a conservative in thought and faith. Two great facts in my experience, my conversion and my call to the ministry, has served as mordants to my faith. I have believed that it was my business to find out the truths, and not the errors of the Bible. My observation of men, and my reading of history, have taught me that the men who have had largest influence with God and their fellows, have been the men who have adhered most steadfastly to the standards of faith. Upon the whole, as Horace Bushnell says, it has been a great thing to me to have lived.

CHAPTER XI

THE LIFE STORY OF A NEGRO PEON

The following chapter was obtained from an interview with a Georgia negro who is a victim of the new slavery of the South.

I AM a negro and was born some time during the war in Elbert County, Ga., and I reckon by this time I must be a little over forty years old. My mother was not married when I was born, and I never knew who my father was or anything about him. Shortly after the war my mother died, and I was left to the care of my uncle. All this happened before I was eight years old, and so I can't remember very much about it. When I was about ten years old my uncle hired me out to Captain ——. I had already learned how to plow, and was also a good hand at picking cotton. I was told that the Captain wanted me for his house-boy, and that later on he was going to train me to be his coachman. To be a coachman in those days was considered a post of honor, and young as I was, I was glad of the chance. But I had not been at the Captain's a month before I was put to work on the farm, with some twenty or thirty other negroes—men, women and children. From

the beginning the boys had the same tasks as the men and women. There was no difference. We all worked hard during the week, and would frolic on Saturday nights and often on Sundays. And everybody was happy. The men got $3 a week and the women $2. I don't know what the children got. Every week my uncle collected my money for me, but it was very little of it that I ever saw. My uncle fed and clothed me, gave me a place to sleep, and allowed me ten or fifteen cents a week for "spending change," as he called it. I must have been seventeen or eighteen years old before I got tired of that arrangement, and felt that I was man enough to be working for myself and handling my own wages. The other boys about my age and size were "drawing" their own pay, and they used to laugh at me and call me "Baby" because my old uncle was always on hand to "draw" my pay. Worked up by these things, I made a break for liberty. Unknown to my uncle or the Captain I went off to a neighboring plantation and hired myself out to another man. The new landlord agreed to give me forty cents a day and furnish me one meal. I thought that was doing fine. Bright and early one Monday morning I started for work, still not letting the others know anything about it. But they found it out before sundown. The Captain came over to the new place and brought some kind of officer of

the law. The officer pulled out a long piece of paper from his pocket and read it to my new employer. When this was done I heard my new boss say:

"I beg your pardon, Captain. I didn't know this nigger was bound out to you, or I wouldn't have hired him."

"He certainly is bound out to me," said the Captain. "He belongs to me until he is twenty-one, and I'm going to make him know his place."

So I was carried back to the Captain's. That night he made me strip off my clothing down to my waist, had me tied to a tree in his backyard, ordered his foreman to give me thirty lashes with a buggy whip across my bare back, and stood by until it was done. After that experience the Captain made me stay on his place night and day,—but my uncle still continued to "draw" my money.

I was a man nearly grown before I knew how to count from one to one hundred. I was a man nearly grown before I ever saw a colored school teacher. I never went to school a day in my life. To-day I can't write my own name, though I can read a little. I was a man nearly grown before I ever rode on a railroad train, and then I went on an excursion from Elberton to Athens. What was true of me was true of hundreds of other negroes around me—'way off there in the country, fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest town.

When I reached twenty-one the Captain told me I was a free man, but he urged me to stay with him. He said he would treat me right, and pay me as much as anybody else would. The Captain's son and I were about the same age, and the Captain said that, as he had owned my mother and uncle during slavery, and as his son didn't want me to leave them (since I had been with them so long), he wanted me to stay with the old family. And I stayed. I signed a contract—that is, I made my mark—for one year. The Captain was to give me $3.50 a week, and furnish me a little house on the plantation—a one-room log cabin similar to those used by his other laborers.

During that year I married Mandy. For several years Mandy had been the house-servant for the Captain, his wife, his son and his three daughters, and they all seemed to think a good deal of her. As an evidence of their regard they gave us a suit of furniture, which cost about $25, and we set up housekeeping in one of the Captain's two-room shanties. I thought I was the biggest man in Georgia. Mandy still kept her place in the "Big House" after our marriage. We did so well for the first year that I renewed my contract for the second year, and for the third, fourth and fifth year I did the same thing. Before the end of the fifth year the Captain had died, and his son, who had married some two or three years before, took charge of the

plantation. Also, for two or three years, this son had been serving at Atlanta in some big office to which he had been elected. I think it was in the Legislature or something of that sort—anyhow, all the people called him Senator. At the end of the fifth year the Senator suggested that I sign up a contract for ten years; then, he said, we wouldn't have to fix up papers every year. I asked my wife about it; she consented; and so I made a ten-year contract.

Not long afterward the Senator had a long, low shanty built on his place. A great big chimney, with a wide, open fireplace, was built at one end of it, and on each side of the house, running lengthwise, there was a row of frames or stalls just large enough to hold a single mattress. The places for these mattresses were fixed one above the other; so that there was a double row of these stalls or pens on each side. They looked for all the world like stalls for horses. Since then I have seen cabooses similarly arranged as sleeping quarters for railroad laborers. Nobody seemed to know what the Senator was fixing for. All doubts were put aside one bright day in April when about forty able-bodied negroes, bound in iron chains, and some of them handcuffed, were brought out to the Senator's farm in three big wagons. They were quartered in the long, low shanty, and it was afterward called the stockade. This was the beginning of the Sen-

ator's convict camp. These men were prisoners who had been leased by the Senator from the State of Georgia at about $200 each per year, the State agreeing to pay for guards and physicians, for necessary inspection, for inquests, all rewards for escaped convicts, the cost of litigation and all other incidental camp expenses. When I saw these men in shackles, and the guards with their guns, I was scared nearly to death. I felt like running away, but I didn't know where to go. And if there had been any place to go to, I would have had to leave my wife and child behind. We free laborers held a meeting. We all wanted to quit. We sent a man to tell the Senator about it. Word came back that we were all under contract for ten years and that the Senator would hold us to the letter of the contract, or put us in chains and lock us up—the same as the other prisoners. It was made plain to us by some white people we talked to that in the contracts we had signed we had all agreed to be locked up in a stockade at night or at any other time that our employer saw fit; further, we learned that we could not lawfully break our contract for any reason and go and hire ourselves to somebody else without the consent of our employer; and, more than that, if we got mad and ran away, we could be run down by bloodhounds, arrested without process of law, and be returned to our employer, who, according to the contract, might beat us bru-

tally or administer any other kind of punishment that he thought proper. In other words, we had sold ourselves into slavery—and what could we do about it? The white folks had all the courts, all the guns, all the hounds, all the railroads, all the telegraph wires, all the newspapers, all the money, and nearly all the land—and we had only our ignorance, our poverty and our empty hands. We decided that the best thing to do was to shut our mouths, say nothing, and go back to work. And most of us worked side by side with those convicts during the remainder of the ten years.

But this first batch of convicts was only the beginning. Within six months another stockade was built, and twenty or thirty other convicts were brought to the plantation, among them six or eight women! The Senator had bought an additional thousand acres of land, and to his already large cotton plantation he added two great big saw-mills and went into the lumber business. Within two years the Senator had in all nearly 200 negroes working on his plantation—about half of them free laborers, so called, and about half of them convicts. The only difference between the free laborers and the others was that the free laborers could come and go as they pleased, at night—that is, they were not locked up at night, and were not, as a general thing, whipped for slight offenses. The troubles of the free laborers began at the close of the ten-

year period. To a man, they all wanted to quit when the time was up. To a man, they all refused to sign new contracts—even for one year, not to say anything of ten years. And just when we thought that our bondage was at an end we found that it had really just begun. Two or three years before, or about a year and a half after the Senator had started his camp, he had established a large store, which was called the commissary. All of us free laborers were compelled to buy our supplies—food, clothing, etc.—from that store. We never used any money in our dealings with the commissary, only tickets or orders, and we had a general settlement once each year, in October. In this store we were charged all sorts of high prices for goods, because every year we would come out in debt to our employer. If not that, we seldom had more than $5 or $10 coming to us—and that for a whole year's work. Well, at the close of the tenth year, when we kicked and meant to leave the Senator, he said to some of us with a smile (and I never will forget that smile—I can see it now):

"Boys, I'm sorry you're going to leave me. I hope you will do well in your new places—so well that you will be able to pay me the little balances which most of you owe me."

Word was sent out for all of us to meet him at the commissary at 2 o'clock. There he told us that, after we had signed what he called a

written acknowledgment of our debts, we might go and look for new places. The storekeeper took us one by one and read to us statements of our accounts. According to the books there was no man of us who owed the Senator less than $100; some of us were put down for as much as $200. I owed $165, according to the bookkeeper. These debts were not accumulated during one year, but ran back for three and four years, so we were told—in spite of the fact that we understood that we had had a full settlement at the end of each year. But no one of us would have dared to dispute a white man's word—oh, no; not in those days. Besides, we fellows didn't care anything about the amounts—we were after getting away; and we had been told that we might go, if we signed the acknowledgments. We would have signed anything, just to get away. So we stepped up, we did, and made our marks. That same night we were rounded up by a constable and ten or twelve white men, who aided him, and we were locked up, every one of us, in one of the Senator's stockades. The next morning it was explained to us by the two guards appointed to watch us that, in the papers, we had signed the day before, we had not only made acknowledgment of our indebtedness, but that we had also agreed to work for the Senator until the debts were paid by hard labor. And from that day forward we were treated just like convicts. Really we had

made ourselves lifetime slaves, or peons, as the laws called us. But, call it slavery, peonage, or what not, the truth is we lived in a hell on earth what time we spent in the Senator's peon camp.

I lived in that camp, as a peon, for nearly three years. My wife fared better than I did, as did the wives of some of the other negroes, because the white men about the camp used these unfortunate creatures as their mistresses. When I was first put in the stockade my wife was still kept for a while in the "Big House," but my little boy, who was only nine years old, was given away to a negro family across the river in South Carolina, and I never saw or heard of him after that. When I left the camp my wife had had two children by some one of the white bosses, and she was living in fairly good shape in a little house off to herself. But the poor negro women who were not in the class with my wife fared about as bad as the helpless negro men. Most of the time the women who were peons or convicts were compelled to wear men's clothes. Sometimes, when I have seen them dressed like men, and plowing or hoeing or hauling logs or working at the blacksmith's trade, just the same as men, my heart would bleed and my blood would boil, but I was powerless to raise a hand. It would have meant death on the spot to have said a word. Of the first six women brought to the camp, two of them gave birth to children

after they had been there more than twelve months—and the babies had white men for their fathers!

The stockades in which we slept were, I believe, the filthiest places in the world. They were cesspools of nastiness. During the thirteen years that I was there I am willing to swear that a mattress was never moved after it had been brought there, except to turn it over once or twice a month. No sheets were used, only dark-colored blankets. Most of the men slept every night in the clothing that they had worked in all day. Some of the worst characters were made to sleep in chains. The doors were locked and barred each night, and tallow candles were the only lights allowed. Really the stockades were but little more than cow sheds, horse stables or hog pens. Strange to say, not a great number of these people died while I was there, though a great many came away maimed and bruised and, in some cases, disabled for life. As far as I remember only about ten died during the last ten years that I was there, two of these being killed outright by the guards for trivial offenses.

It was a hard school that peon camp was, but I learned more there in a few short months by contact with those poor fellows from the outside world than ever I had known before. Most of what I learned was evil, and I now know that I should have been better off without the knowledge, but much of what I learned

was helpful to me. Barring two or three severe and brutal whippings which I received, I got along very well, all things considered; but the system is damnable. A favorite way of whipping a man was to strap him down to a log, flat on his back, and spank him fifty or sixty times on his bare feet with a shingle or a huge piece of plank. When the man would get up with sore and blistered feet and an aching body, if he could not then keep up with the other men at work he would be strapped to the log again, this time face downward, and would be lashed with a buggy trace on his bare back. When a woman had to be whipped it was usually done in private, though they would be compelled to fall down across a barrel or something of the kind and receive the licks on their backsides.

The working day on a peon farm begins with sunrise and ends when the sun goes down; or, in other words, the average peon works from ten to twelve hours each day, with one hour (from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock) for dinner. Hot or cold, sun or rain, this is the rule. As to their meals, the laborers are divided up into squads or companies, just the same as soldiers in a great military camp would be. Two or three men in each stockade are appointed as cooks. From thirty to forty men report to each cook. In the warm months (or eight or nine months out of the year) the cooking is done on the outside, just behind the stock-

ades; in the cold months the cooking is done inside the stockades. Each peon is provided with a great big tin cup, a flat tin pan and two big tin spoons. No knives or forks are ever seen, except those used by the cooks. At meal time the peons pass in single file before the cooks, and hold out their pans and cups to receive their allowances. Cow peas (red or white, which when boiled turn black), fat bacon and old-fashioned Georgia corn bread, baked in pones from one to two and three inches thick, make up the chief articles of food. Black coffee, black molasses and brown sugar are also used abundantly. Once in a great while, on Sundays, biscuits would be made, but they would always be made from the kind of flour called "shorts." As a rule, breakfast consisted of coffee, fried bacon, corn bread, and sometimes molasses—and one "helping" of each was all that was allowed. Peas, boiled with huge hunks of fat bacon, and a hoe-cake, as big as a man's hand, usually answered for dinner. Sometimes this dinner bill of fare gave place to bacon and greens (collard or turnip) and pot liquor. Though we raised corn, potatoes and other vegetables, we never got a chance at such things unless we could steal them and cook them secretly. Supper consisted of coffee, fried bacon and molasses. But, although the food was limited to certain things, I am sure we all got a plenty of the things allowed. As coarse as these things

were, we kept, as a rule, fat and sleek and as strong as mules. And that, too, in spite of the fact that we had no special arrangements for taking regular baths, and no very great effort was made to keep us regularly in clean clothes. No tables were used or allowed. In summer we would sit down on the ground and eat our meals, and in winter we would sit around inside the filthy stockades. Each man was his own dish washer—that is to say, each man was responsible for the care of his pan and cup and spoons. My dishes got washed about once a week!

To-day, I am told, there are six or seven of these private camps in Georgia—that is to say, camps where most of the convicts are leased from the State of Georgia. But there are hundreds and hundreds of farms all over the State where negroes, and in some cases poor white folks, are held in bondage on the ground that they are working out debts, or where the contracts which they have made hold them in a kind of perpetual bondage, because, under those contracts, they may not quit one employer and hire out to another except by and with the knowledge and consent of the former employer. One of the usual ways to secure laborers for a large peonage camp is for the proprietor to send out an agent to the little courts in the towns and villages, and where a man charged with some petty offense has no friends or money the agent will urge him to

plead guilty, with the understanding that the agent will pay his fine, and in that way save him from the disgrace of being sent to jail or the chain-gang! For this high favor the man must sign beforehand a paper signifying his willingness to go to the farm and work out the amount of the fine imposed. When he reaches the farm he has to be fed and clothed, to be sure, and these things are charged up to his account. By the time he has worked out his first debt another is hanging over his head, and so on and so on, by a sort of endless chain, for an indefinite period, as in every case the indebtedness is arbitrarily arranged by the employer. In many cases it is very evident that the court officials are in collusion with the proprietors or agents, and that they divide the "graft" among themselves. As an example of this dickering among the whites, every year many convicts were brought to the Senator's camp from a certain county in South Georgia, 'way down in the turpentine district. The majority of these men were charged with adultery, which is an offense against the laws of the great and sovereign State of Georgia! Upon inquiry I learned that down in that county a number of negro lewd women were employed by certain white men to entice negro men into their houses; and then, on a certain night, at a given signal, when all was in readiness, raids would be made by the officers upon these houses, and the men would be arrested

and charged with living in adultery. Nine out of ten of these men, so arrested and so charged, would find their way ultimately to some convict camp, and, as I said, many of them found their way every year to the Senator's camp while I was there. The low-down women were never punished in any way. On the contrary, I was told that they always seemed to stand in high favor with the sheriffs, constables and other officers. There can be no room to doubt that they assisted very materially in furnishing laborers for the prison pens of Georgia, and the belief was general among the men that they were regularly paid for their work. I could tell more, but I've said enough to make anybody's heart sick. This great and terrible iniquity is, I know, widespread throughout Georgia and many other Southern States.

But I didn't tell you how I got out. I didn't get out—they put me out. When I had served as a peon for nearly three years—and you remember that they claimed that I owed them only $165—when I had served for nearly three years, one of the bosses came to me and said that my time was up. He happened to be the one who was said to be living with my wife. He gave me a new suit of overalls, which cost about seventy-five cents, took me in a buggy and carried me across the Broad River into South Carolina, set me down and told me to "git." I didn't have a cent

of money, and I wasn't feeling well, but somehow I managed to get a move on me. I begged my way to Columbia. In two or three days I ran across a man looking for laborers to carry to Birmingham, and I joined his gang. I have been here in the Birmingham district since they released me, and I reckon I'll die either in a coal mine or an iron furnace. It don't make much difference which. Either is better than a Georgia peon camp. And a Georgia peon camp is hell itself!

CHAPTER XII

THE LIFE STORY OF AN INDIAN

Ah-nen-la-de-ni, whose American name is Daniel La France, told his own story in neat typewritten form, and has been aided only to the extent of some very slight rewriting and rearrangement.

I WAS born in Gouverneur Village, N. Y., in April, 1879, during one of the periodical wanderings of my family, and my first recollection is concerning a house in Toronto, Canada, in which I was living with my father and mother, brother and grandmother. I could not have been much more than three years old at the time.

My father was a pure-blooded Indian of the Mohawk tribe of the Six Nations, and our home was in the St. Regis reservation in Franklin County, N. Y., but we were frequently away from that place because my father was an Indian medicine man, who made frequent journeys, taking his family with him and selling his pills and physics in various towns along the border line between Canada and the United States.

This house in Toronto was winter quarters for us. In the summer time we lived in a tent.

We had the upper part of the house, while some gypsies lived in the lower part.

All sorts of people came to consult the "Indian doctor," and the gypsies sent them upstairs to us, and mother received them, and then retired into another room with my brother and myself. She did not know anything about my father's medicines, and seemed to hate to touch them. When my father was out mother was frequently asked to sell the medicines, but she would not, telling the patients that they must wait until the doctor came home. She was not pure-blooded Indian, her father being a French Canadian, while her mother, my grandmother, was a pure-blooded Indian, who lived with us.

What made it all the more strange that mother would have nothing to do with the medicines was the fact that grandmother was, herself, a doctor of a different sort than my father. Her remedies were probably the same but in cruder form. I could have learned much if I had paid attention to her, because as I grew older she took me about in the woods when she went there to gather herbs, and she told me what roots and leaves to collect, and how to dry and prepare them and how to make the extracts and what sicknesses they were good for. But I was soon tired of such matters, and would stray off by myself picking the berries—raspberry and blackberry, strawberry and blueberry—in their seasons,

and hunting the birds and little animals with my bow and arrows. So I learned very little from all this lore.

My father was rather a striking figure. His hair was long and black, and he wore a long Prince Albert coat while in the winter quarters, and Indian costume, fringed and beaded, while in the tent. His medicines were put up in pill boxes and labeled bottles, and were the results of knowledge that had been handed down through many generations in our tribe.

My brother and I also wore long hair, and were strange enough in appearance to attract attention from the white people about us, but mother kept us away from them as much as possible.

My father was not only a doctor, but also a trapper, fisherman, farmer and basket maker.

The reservation in Franklin County is a very beautiful place, fronting on the main St. Lawrence River. Tributaries of the St. Lawrence wander through it, and its woods still preserve their wild beauty. On this reservation we had our permanent home in a log house surrounded by land, on which we planted corn, potatoes and such other vegetables as suited our fancies. The house was more than fifty years old.

The woods provided my father and grandmother with their herbs and roots, and they

gathered there the materials for basket making. There were also as late as 1880 some beavers, muskrats and minks to be trapped and pickerel, salmon and white perch to be caught in the streams. These last sources of revenue for the Indians no longer exist; the beavers, minks and muskrats are extinct, while the mills of the ever encroaching white man have filled the streams with sawdust and banished the fish.

We were generally on the reservation in early spring, planting, fishing, basket making, gathering herbs and making medicine, and then in the fall, when our little crop was brought in, we would depart on our tour of the white man's towns and cities, camping in a tent on the outskirts of some place, selling our wares, which included bead work that mother and grandmother were clever at making, and moving on as the fancy took us until cold weather came, when my father would generally build a little log house in some wood, plastering the chinks with moss and clay, and there we would abide, warm amid ice and snow, till it was time to go to the reservation again.

One might imagine that with such a great variety of occupations we would soon become rich—especially as we raised much of our own food and seldom had any rent to pay—but this was not the case. I do not know how much my father charged for his treatment of sick

people, but his prices were probably moderate, and as to our trade in baskets, furs and bead work, we were not any better business people than Indians generally.

Nevertheless, it was a happy life that we led, and lack of money troubled us little. We were healthy and our wants were few.

Father did not always take his family with him on his expeditions, and as I grew older I passed a good deal of time on the reservation. Here, though the people farmed and dressed somewhat after the fashion of the white man, they still kept up their ancient tribal ceremonies, laws and customs, and preserved their language. The general government was in the hands of twelve chiefs, elected for life on account of supposed merit and ability.

There were four Indian day schools on the reservation, all taught by young white women. I sometimes went to one of these, but learned practically nothing. The teachers did not understand our language, and we knew nothing of theirs, so much progress was not possible.

Our lessons consisted of learning to repeat all the English words in the books that were given us. Thus, after a time, some of us, myself included, became able to pronounce all the words in the Fifth and Sixth readers, and took great pride in the exercise. But we did not know what any of the words meant.

Our arithmetic stopped at simple numeration, and the only other exercise we had was

in writing, which, with us, resolved itself into a contest of speed without regard to the form of letters.

The Indian parents were disgusted with the schools, and did not urge their children to attend, and when the boys and girls did go of their own free will it was more for sociability and curiosity than from a desire to learn. Many of the boys and girls were so large that the teachers could not preserve discipline, and we spent much of our time in the school in drawing pictures of each other and the teacher, and in exchanging in our own language such remarks as led to a great deal of fighting when we regained the open air. Often boys went home with their clothing torn off them in these fights.

Under the circumstances, it is not strange that the attendance at these schools was poor and irregular, and that on many days the teachers sat alone in the schoolhouses because there were no scholars. Since that time a great change has taken place, and there are now good schools on the reservation.

I was an official of one of the schools, to the extent that I chopped wood for it, but I did not often attend its sessions, and when I was thirteen years of age, and had been nominally a pupil of the school for six years, I was still so ignorant of English that I only knew one sentence, which was common property among us alleged pupils:

"Please, ma'am, can I go out?" pronounced: "Peezumgannigowout!"

When I was thirteen a great change occurred, for the honey-tongued agent of a new Government contract Indian school appeared on the reservation, drumming up boys and girls for his institution. He made a great impression by going from house to house and describing, through an interpreter, all the glories and luxuries of the new place, the good food and teaching, the fine uniforms, the playground and its sports and toys.

All that a wild Indian boy had to do, according to the agent, was to attend this school for a year or two, and he was sure to emerge therefrom with all the knowledge and skill of the white man.

My father was away from the reservation at the time of the agent's arrival, but mother and grandmother heard him with growing wonder and interest, as I did myself, and we all finally decided that I ought to go to this wonderful school and become a great man—perhaps at last a chief of our tribe. Mother said that it was good for Indians to be educated, as white men were "so tricky with papers."

I had, up to this time, been leading a very happy life, helping with the planting, trapping, fishing, basket making and playing all the games of my tribe—which is famous at lacrosse—but the desire to travel and see new things and the hope of finding an easy way to

much knowledge in the wonderful school outweighed my regard for my home and its joys, and so I was one of the twelve boys who in 1892 left our reservation to go to the Government contract school for Indians, situated in a large Pennsylvania city and known as the ——— Institute.

Till I arrived at the school I had never heard that there were any other Indians in the country other than those of our reservation, and I did not know that our tribe was called Mohawk. My people called themselves "Ganien-ge-ha-ga," meaning "People of the Beacon Stone," and Indians generally they termed "On-give-hon-we," meaning "Real-men" or "Primitive People."

My surprise, therefore, was great when I found myself surrounded in the school yard by strange Indian boys belonging to tribes of which I had never heard, and when it was said that my people were only the "civilized Mohawks," I at first thought that "Mohawk" was a nickname and fought any boy who called me by it.

I had left home for the school with a great deal of hope, having said to my mother: "Do not worry. I shall soon return to you a better boy and with a good education!" Little did I dream that that was the last time I would ever see her kind face. She died two years later, and I was not allowed to go to her funeral.

The journey to Philadelphia had been very enjoyable and interesting. It was my first ride on the " great steel horse," as the Indians called the railway train, but my frame of mind changed as soon as my new home was reached.

The first thing that happened to me and to all other freshly caught young redskins when we arrived at the institution was a bath of a particularly disconcerting sort. We were used to baths of the swimming variety, for on the reservation we boys spent a good deal of our time in the water, but this first bath at the institution was different. For one thing, it was accompanied by plenty of soap, and for another thing, it was preceded by a haircut that is better described as a crop.

The little newcomer, thus cropped and delivered over to the untender mercies of larger Indian boys of tribes different from his own, who laughingly attacked his bare skin with very hot water and very hard scrubbing brushes, was likely to emerge from the encounter with a clean skin but perturbed mind. When, in addition, he was prevented from expressing his feelings in the only language he knew, what wonder if some rules of the school were broken.

After the astonishing bath the newcomer was freshly clothed from head to foot, while the raiment in which he came from the reservation was burned or buried. Thereafter he was released by the torturers, and could be

seen sidling about the corridors like a lonely crab, silent, sulky, immaculately clean and most disconsolate.

After my bath and reclothing and after having had my name taken down in the records I was assigned to a dormitory, and began my regular school life, much to my dissatisfaction. The recording of my name was accompanied by a change which, though it might seem trifling to the teachers, was very important to me. My name among my own people was " Ah-nen-la-de-ni," which in English means " Turning crowd " or " Turns the crowd," but my family had had the name " La France " bestowed on them by the French some generations before my birth, and at the institution my Indian name was discarded, and I was informed that I was henceforth to be know as Daniel La France.

It made me feel as if I had lost myself. I had been proud of myself and my possibilities as " Turns the crowd," for in spite of their civilized surroundings the Indians of our reservation in my time still looked back to the old warlike days when the Mohawks were great people, but Daniel La France was to me a stranger and a nobody with no possibilities. It seemed as if my prospect of a chiefship had vanished. I was very homesick for a long time.

The dormitory to which I was assigned had twenty beds in it, and was under a captain,

who was one of the advanced scholars. It was his duty to teach and enforce the rules of the place in this room, and to report to the white authorities all breaches of discipline.

Out in the school yard there was the same sort of supervision. Whether at work or play, we were constantly watched, and there were those in authority over us. This displeased us Mohawks, who were warriors at fourteen years of age.

After the almost complete freedom of reservation life the cramped quarters and the dull routine of the school were maddening to all us strangers. There were endless rules for us to study and abide by, and hardest of all was the rule against speaking to each other in our own language. We must speak English or remain silent, and those who knew no English were forced to be dumb or else break the rules in secret. This last we did quite frequently, and were punished, when detected, by being made to stand in the " public hall " for a long time or to march about the yard while the other boys were at play.

There were about 115 boys at this school, and three miles from us was a similar Government school for Indian girls, which had nearly as many inmates.

The system when I first went to this school contemplated every Indian boy learning a trade as well as getting a grammar school education. Accordingly we went to school in the

morning and to work in the afternoon, or the other way about.

There were shoemakers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, farmers, printers, all sorts of mechanics among us. I was set to learn the tailoring trade, and stuck at it for two and a half years, making such progress that I was about to be taught cutting when I began to cough, and it was said that outdoor work would be better for me. Accordingly I went, during the vacation of 1895, up into Bucks County, Pa., and worked on a farm with benefit to my health, though I was not a very successful farmer—the methods of the people who employed me were quite different from those of our reservation.

Though I was homesick soon after coming to the Institute I afterward recovered so completely that I did not care to go back to the reservation at vacation time, though at first I was offered the opportunity. I spent my vacations working for Quaker farmers. All the money I earned at this and other occupations was turned into the Institute bank credited to my account, and I drew from thence money for my expenses and for special occasions like Christmas and the Fourth of July.

When I returned from Bucks County in 1895 I found that some of the boys of my class were attending the public school outside the institution, and on application I was al-

lowed to join them, and finally graduated there from the grammar department, though held back by the fact that I was spending half my time in some workshop. I never went back to tailoring, except to finish a few suits that were left when the Institute shop closed, but I worked for a time at printing and afterward at making cooking apparatuses.

After I had finished with the grammar school I got a situation in the office of a lawyer while still residing in the institution. I also took a course of stenography and typewriting at the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association. So practically I was only a boarder at the Institute during the latter part of my eight years' stay there.

Nevertheless, I was valuable to the authorities there for certain purposes, and when I wanted to leave and go to Carlisle school, which I had heard was very good, I could not obtain permission.

This Institute, as I have said, was a contract Government school for teaching Indians. The great exertions made by the agent, who visited our reservation in the first place, were caused by the fact that a certain number of Indian children had to be obtained before the school could be opened. I do not think that the Indian parents signed any papers, but we boys and girls were supposed to remain at the school for five years. After that, as I

understand it, we were free from any obligation.

The reason why I and others like me were kept at the school was that we served as show scholars—as results of the system and evidences of the good work the Institute was doing.

When I first went to the school the superintendent was a clergyman, honest and well meaning, and during the first five years thereafter while he remained in charge the general administration was honest, but when he went away the school entered upon a period of changing administrations and general demoralization. New superintendents succeeded each other at short intervals, and some of them were violent and cruel, while all seemed to us boys more or less dishonest. Boys who had been inmates of the school for eight years were shown to visitors as results of two years' tuition, and shoes and other articles bought in Philadelphia stores were hung up on the walls at public exhibition or concert and exhibited as the work of us boys. I was good for various show purposes. I could sing and play a musical instrument, and I wrote essays which were thought to be very good. The authorities also were fond of displaying me as one who had come to the school a few years before unable to speak a word of English.

Some of my verses that visitors admired were as follows:

The Indian's Conception

When first the white man's ship appeared
To Redmen of this wooded strand,
The Redmen gazed, and vastly feared,
That they could not those "birds" withstand:
As they mistook the ships for birds.
And this ill omen came quite true—
For later came more; hungrier birds.

Sleep Song for the Papoose

Look, little papoose, your cradle's unbound,
Its strappings let loose for you to be bound.

Refrain:—Oh little papoose!
On cradle-board bound;
My swinging papoose,
Your slumber be sound.

Tawn little papoose, your mother is in:
She's roasting the goose on the sharp wooden pin.
Ref.

Bound little papoose, your father is out;
He's hunting the moose that makes you grow stout.
Ref.

Brawn little papoose, great hunter shall be;
And trap the great moose behind the pine tree.
Ref.

My little papoose, swing, swing from the bough.
Grow; then you'll get loose—put plumes on your brow! Ref.

So little papoose, dream, dream as you sleep;
While friendly old spruce shall watch o'er you keep.
Ref.

Now, little papoose, swing on to your rest.
My red browed papoose, swing east and swing west.
Ref.

Over the superintendent of the Institute there was a Board of Lady Managers with a Lady Directress, and these visited us occasionally, but there was no use laying any complaint before them. They were arbitrary and almost unapproachable. Matters went from bad to worse, and when the Spanish-American War broke out, and my employer, the lawyer, resolved to go to it in the Red Cross service, and offered to take me with him I greatly desired to go, but was not allowed. I suppose that the lawyer could easily have obtained my liberty, but did not wish to antagonize the Lady Managers, who considered any criticism of the institution as an attack on their own infallibility.

While waiting for a new situation after the young lawyer had gone away, I heard of the opportunities there were for young men who could become good nurses, and of the place where such training could be secured. I desired to go there, and presented this ambition to the superintendent, who at first encouraged me to the extent of giving a fair recommendation. But when the matter was laid before the Head Directress in the shape of an application for admission ready to be sent by me to the authorities of the Nurses' Training School, she flatly refused it consideration without giving any good reason for so doing.

She, however, made the mistake of returning the application to me, and it was amended

later and sent to the Training School in Manhattan. It went out through a secret channel, as all the regular mail of the institution's inmates, whether outgoing or incoming, was opened and examined in the office of the superintendent.

A few days before the 4th of July, 1899, the answer to my application arrived in the form of notice to report at the school for the entrance examination. This communication found me in the school jail, where I had been placed for the first time in all my life at the institution.

I had been charged with throwing a nightgown out of the dormitory window, and truly it was my nightgown that was found in the school yard, for it had my number upon it. But I never threw it out of the window. I believe that one of the official underlings did that in order to found upon it a charge against me, for the school authorities had discovered that I and other boys of the institution had gone to members of the Indian Rights Association and had made complaint of conditions in the school, and that an investigation was coming. They, therefore, desired to disgrace and punish me as one of the leaders of those who were exposing them.

I heard about the letter from the Training School, and was very anxious to get away, but my liberation in time to attend that entrance examination seemed impossible. The days

passed, and when the 4th of July arrived I was still in the school jail, which was the rear part of a stable.

At one o'clock my meal of bread and water was brought to me by the guard detailed to look after my safe keeping. After he had delivered this to me he went outside, leaving the door open, but standing there. The only window of that stable was very small, very high on the wall and was protected by iron bars—but here was the door left open.

I fled, and singularly enough the guard had his back turned and was contemplating nature with great assiduity. As soon as I got out of the inclosure I dashed after and caught a trolley car, and a few hours later I was in New York.

That was the last I saw of the Institute and it soon afterward went out of existence, but I heard that as a result of the demand for an investigation the Superintendent of Indian Schools had descended on it upon a given day and found everything beautiful—for her visit had been announced. But she returned again the next day, when it was supposed that she had left the city, and then things were not beautiful at all, and much that we had told about was proven.

I had $15 in the Lincoln Institute bank when I ran away, but I knew that was past crying for and I depended on $3 that I had in my

pocket and with which I got a railroad ticket to New York.

I was assisted in my escape and afterward by a steadfast friend and had comparatively plain sailing, as I passed the entrance examination easily and was admitted to the Training School on probation.

The Institute people wrote and wrote after me, but could not get me back or cause the Training School to turn me out, and they soon had their own troubles to attend to. The school was closed in 1900 as the Government cut off all appropriations.

When I first entered the Training School on probation I was assigned to the general surgical ward and there took my first lessons in the duties of a nurse, being taught how to receive a patient—whether walking or carried—how to undress him and put him in bed, to make a list of his property, to make a neat bundle of his clothes, to enter his name and particulars about him in the records, and how properly to discharge patients, returning their property and clothes, and all about bed making, straightening out the ward, making bandages and scores of other details. I studied all books on nursing and attended all the lectures. Bed making, as I soon found, was an art in itself and a most important art, and so in regard to other details, all of which may look trivial to an outsider, but which count in sanitation.

This new life was very much to my liking. I was free, for one thing, and was working for myself with good hope of accomplishing something.

Our evenings were our own after our work was done, and though we had to return to the nurses' quarters at 10.30 o'clock at the latest, that was not a hardship and we could enjoy some of the pleasures of the city. While in the Training School I received my board and $10 a month pay, a very decided gain over the Institute. Besides, the food and quarters were far better.

After I had been for twelve months in the Training School I was allowed to go to our reservation for a ten days' vacation. It was the first time in nine years that I had seen my old home and I found things much changed. My mother and grandmother were dead, and there had died also a little sister whom I had never seen. My father was alive and still wandering as of old. Many of my playmates had scattered and I felt like a stranger. But it was very pleasant to renew acquaintance with the places and objects that had been familiar in my childhood—the woods, the streams, the bridge—that used to look so big and was now so small to me—the swimming hole, and with the friends who remained.

I found that our people had progressed. The past and its traditions were losing their

hold on them and white man's ways were gaining.

During the visit I lived at the house of my brother, who is ten years older than I and is a farmer and manufacturer of snow shoes and lacrosse sticks. The ten days passed all too quickly.

Since that time I have paid one other and much longer visit to the reservation and have quite renewed touch with my own people, who are always glad to see me and who express much astonishment at the proficiency I show in my native tongue. Most of the boys who are away from the reservation for three or four years forget our language, but, as I have said, there were some of us at the Institute who practiced in secret.

What I saw in the reservation convinced me that our people are not yet ready for citizenship and that they desire and should be allowed to retain their reservation. They are greatly obliged to those who have aided them in defeating the Vreeland bill. The whole community is changing and when the change advances a little further it will be time to open the reservation gates and let in all the world.

Of course, so far as the old Indians are concerned, they will not and cannot change. They have given up the idea that the Mohawks will ever again be a great people, but they cannot alter their habits and it only remains for

them to pass away. They want to end their days in comfort and peace, like the cat by the fireside—that is all.

To the white man these old people may not seem important, but to us young Indians they are very important. The family tie is strong among Indians. White people are aggravated because so many young Indians, after their schooling, go back to their reservations and are soon seen dressed and living just like the others. But they must do that if they desire to keep in touch with the others.

Supposing the young Indian who has been to school did not return to his father's house, but stayed out among the white men. The old folks would say "He won't look at us now. He thinks himself above us." And all parents who observed this would add: "We won't send our children to school. They would never come back to us."

The young Indians are right to go back to the reservation and right to dress and act like the others, to cherish the old folks and make their way easy, and not to forget their tribe. It is a mistake to think that they soon lose all that they have learned in the school. Compare the school Indians with those who have not been at school and a very marked difference is found. You find on their farms improved methods and in their houses pianos, which their wives, who have also been at school, can play. All these boys and girls who have

been to school are as missionaries to the reservation.

The schools are doing a great deal of good to the Indians and are changing them fast, and there is another force at work occupied with another change. On all the reservations the pure blooded Indians are becoming rarer and rarer, and the half and quarter breeds more and more common—technically they are Indians. Thus though the tribe is increasing, the real Indians are decreasing. They are becoming more and more white. On our reserve now you can see boys and girls with light hair and blue eyes, children of white fathers and Indian mothers. They have the rosy cheeks of English children, but they cannot speak a word of English.

After returning to the Training School I completed the two years' course and afterward took a special course in massage treatment for paralysis.

I have since been employed principally in private practice. I like the work and the pay, though the former is very exacting. The nurse must be very clean and very regular in his habits; he must be firm and yet good-tempered—able to command the patient when necessary. He must maintain a cheerful attitude of mind and demeanor toward a patient, who is often most abusive and ill-tempered. He must please the doctor, the patient's family, and to as great an extent as pos-

sible the patient himself. He must be watchful without appearing to watch. He must be strong and healthy. Nursing is tiresome and confining. Nevertheless I console myself with the remunerations financial and educational, and with the thought that my present occupation, assisting in saving lives, is an advance beyond that of my scalp-taking ancestors.

I have been asked as to prejudice against Indians among white people. There is some, but I don't think it amounts to much. Perhaps there were some in my Training School class who objected to being associated with an Indian. I never perceived it, and I don't think I have suffered anywhere from prejudice.

I have suffered many times from being mistaken for a Japanese.

Some people when they find I am an Indian seek me out and have much to say to me, but it is generally merely for curiosity and I do not encourage them. On the other hand I have good, steadfast, old-time friends among white people.

When I first began to learn I thought that when I knew English and could read and write it would be enough. But the further I have climbed the higher the hills in front of me have grown. A few years ago the point I have reached would have seemed very high. Now it seems low, and I am studying much in my

spare time. I don't know what the result will be.

Some ask me whether or not I will ever return to my tribe. How can I tell? The call from the woods and fields is very clear and moving, especially in the pleasant summer days.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LIFE STORY OF AN IGORROTE CHIEF

The genial exponent of the simple life who furnished the following article by talking through an interpreter, was a large, plump Filipino, whose age was probably forty-eight. He was clad in two necklaces, two bracelets, some tattoo marks and a loin cloth. He speaks no English and therefore only his ideas and statements of fact are given. In regard to figures he is quite impressionistic, "a thousand" representing any very large number. He was the leader of the band of Igorrotes at Coney Island when he told this story of his life.

I AM Chief Fomoaley, of the Bontoc Igorrotes, and I have come to the United States with my people in order to show the white people our civilization. The white man that lives in our town asked me to come, and said that Americans were anxious to see us. Since we have been here great crowds of white people have come and watched us, and they seemed pleased.

We are the oldest people in the world. All others come from us. The first man and woman—there were two women—lived on our mountains and their children lived there after them, till they grew bad and God sent a great flood that drowned them, all except seven, who escaped in a canoe and landed, after the flood went down, on a high mountain.

Three times a year our old men call the people together and tell them the old stories of how God made the world and then the animals, and lastly men. These stories have been handed down in that way from the very beginning, so that we know they are true. The white men have some stories, too, like that. Perhaps they may have heard them from one of us. At any rate, they are wrong about some things. There was a white man who told us that the place where the canoe landed after the flood was a high mountain on the other side of the world, but we know better, because we can see the mountain from our town. It is close by us and always has been there, and our old men point it out when they tell the story.

I was born in a hut in that town. I don't remember my father. He was killed in battle when I was very small. I had four brothers and three sisters. We did no work except a little in the fields, where the rice and sweet potatoes grow, or getting fruit in the woods. I swam and ran and played with the other boys. We had small hatchets and spears and bolos made of wood, and we hunted animals and birds and fought each other.

When I grew up to be a man I went out and took a head, and then I got married.

Among our people a young man must have taken a head before he is made a warrior. Our young women will not marry a man unless he

has taken a head. We take the heads of our enemies. Sometimes these are the people of some other Igorrote town, sometimes they are the little black people who shoot with poisoned arrows, sometimes it may be some family that lives close by and has taken a head from our family. We used to get heads from the Spaniards when they were in our island, but now they have gone away. The Americans don't like us to take heads, but what can we do? Other people take heads from us. We have always done it. The women won't marry our men if they do not take heads.

I got my head among the black people by waiting near a spring until a man came to drink. I shouted, and he shot at me with arrows, but I caught them on my shield. Then I speared him and cut off his head with my bolo.

When I returned to my town I went straight to the house where the girl lived, but she would not look at me till I showed her my head. That pleased her very much, because it showed that I was a warrior and could kill enemies. So we were married.

Soon after this there came a white man to Bontoc, who said that we must go and work for his people and give them things—our buffaloes, our rice and sugar cane and sweet potatoes. They were not going to do anything for us.

This white man was a Spaniard. Our

chiefs laughed at him and said that they owed us things instead of us owing them. We were there for a thousand lives before the Spaniards came, and they were in our island yet. We never tried to make them pay.

The Spaniards went away angry, but came back soon with a thousand others to fight. And all the men of Bontoc went out to meet them.

Our town is far up in the mountains and there are no roads, only paths through the woods, and the Spaniards could only come a few at a time. We waited for them in the narrow places and rolled stones down on them and killed plenty. Some others we killed with spears and some with bolos. They burned some of our houses and spoiled some of our fields, but they had to go away and we paid them nothing. We got nearly a hundred heads.

The Spaniards came again and burned more houses and spoiled more fields, but we killed more of them and they stopped coming.

We did not owe them anything; why should we pay what they call taxes? We were the owners of the island. We let the Spaniards come because there is plenty of room for everybody.

They caught a few Igorrotes and were very bad to them, whipping them to make them work. Some they whipped to death because our people will not work. They do not like

it. God never meant us to work. That is why he makes our food and clothing grow all about us on the trees and bushes.

Our God is the great God who lives in the sky and shines through the sun. He makes our rice and sugar cane grow and looks out for us—he gives us the heads of our enemies. We have heard of the white man's God, but ours is better.

A long time ago, a white man all dressed in black came to our town and told us about the white man's God. He was small and fat. He could not run or jump, he could hardly walk and there was no hair on the top of his head. He had a book with him and he told us many things that were in that book.

Our Chief asked if his God looked like him. He said "yes"; we did not think he could be a good looking God. We never saw our God, but he must be much better looking than that man was.

That man told us that God had a son who died for us, and that we ought to leave our God and go to him. But our Chief said: "We did not want him to die for us. We can die for ourselves."

No, we will be true to our own God, who has always been good to us. We never give him anything. How could a man give anything to God?

The fat white man told us that if we were very good and did what he said, we would go

to the white man's heaven, up in the sky. He said that people there could fly like birds, and that they spent all their time singing praises of the white man's God.

We did not think we should care to go there. Our own heaven, where the fruit is always ripe and the game is plenty, suits us far better.

The fat white man who told us about God and heaven was a Spaniard. He said that God had sent him to us but we didn't believe it. A man from our town had been among the Spaniards and he said that they told lies.

If the Spaniard's God is good, why did he not keep them out of our country. They cannot be good men or else they would not want to make us work for them and they would not try to kill us. When the Spaniards came to fight us they had guns that only went off in long times. They had to put something in at the top of the gun and poke it down with a stick before they could shoot.

We laughed at them; our spears were so much quicker.

The Americans came and drove the Spaniards away. They have guns that go bang-bang-bang-bang, as fast as a man can talk. They are our friends, for they do not burn our houses or kill our people or whip them to make them work. That is the reason why we are over here, because the American people are our friends and want to learn our civilization,

so that they, too, will not have to work. Our civilization is so much older than theirs that it is no wonder if they do not know some things.

The first American that came to our town made us laugh, though we liked him. He was very kind and gave us many presents, and all he wanted in return was beetles and bugs and birds and bats and snakes. We watched to see if he would eat them, but he did not. He put them in boxes and bottles, and when he went away he had enough to load two buffaloes. He spent days watching the ants and bees.

The children of the place followed him, and he made us all laugh many times because he chased butterflies with a net on a long stick. He could run fast and caught many.

Some of our men who had been in the big city where the Americans live, said that the Americans often make themselves mad by things that they drank. They ran about the place shouting or fighting till they fell down asleep.

This man who came among us must have been mad, but he did no harm, so we liked to have him among us. When he could get any one to interpret for him he was always asking questions. He wanted to know all about our religion and about the animals in the forest. He had a book and a little stick that made a black mark, and when we told him anything he made black marks in the book, and he said

that these marks would always tell him what we had said. That was part of his madness.

One day he went to the chief with a paper on which he had been making a picture of the country, showing our town and the mountains. He wanted to know where the river went to after it left the mountains. The chief showed which way it went for a day's journey, but he wanted to know where it went after that. But the chief said:

"What does it matter where the river goes?"

He was very mad, for he said that the world is round and that the sun does not go round it. We know better than that, because we can see the sun moving, and besides our old men have told us the story of those things that has come down to us from the very beginning.

If he was not mad, why should he, a stranger, be troubled about where the river ran? It was not his river. It was our river, and if we did not care, what did it matter to him.

An American came to us about two years ago. He was a very good and kind man. He gave us plenty of beads and looking-glasses and brass wire, and he wanted some men and women to go with him to America. He wanted enough to go with him to a place where all the American people were gathered,* that they might build a village and show our

*The St. Louis Exposition.

ways of living. He got plenty of Bontoc men and women to go, and when they came back they had so many wonders to tell us that it took six of them three days and three nights, standing up before our people talking all the time, and then they said that they had forgotten or left out much.

They said that the Americans had small suns, so many that they could not be counted, and these made the whole country light on the darkest night. They said that the people traveled about in houses on wheels, and these houses went of themselves like flying birds with all the people in them. They told us that many of the Americans' houses were as tall as the tallest trees. We didn't think that was good, because who would want to climb a tree?

All the time that the travelers were telling of the wonders that they had seen a great feast was going on in our town. It was the greatest feast ever heard of among us. The people of the other towns were all invited. One hundred and fifty buffaloes were killed for the feast, and there were pigs, goats and all sorts of fowls, as well as sweet potatoes, rice, fruit and nuts, and the chiefs ate twenty-five of the finest dogs.

The best dog is a male about four years of age. If he is healthy and fat there is nothing so good when roasted with sweet potatoes. Short-haired dogs are the best. We eat dogs when we are going to war because they make

us fierce and help us to hear, see and smell well.

There was dancing every day while the big feast was going on, and the people that came from the other towns stayed for a week. When it was all over I went away from Bontoc with a lot more men and women to come to America to see all the wonders. It was the first time I had ever been more than a day's journey from Bontoc. We went through the great forests, and it was very hot when we got down from the mountains. Up in our mountains it is cool, but in the valleys so hot that some of the people fall like dead.

There are no roads, but just thin paths through the woods, and these are blocked with creepers that have thorns on them. The white men went very slowly; the thorns caught them and the creepers held them back as if they were big snakes. It made us laugh many times to see the way the white men tangled themselves up in the creepers. We were twenty days reaching the big water (130 miles), and then only half a day going the same distance in a fire canoe of the white men. We got to the big city of the white men where the Spaniards used to be, but where our friends, the Americans, now are.

We just had time to look at it and see that it was very wonderful when we had to go on a canoe that was as long as a man could run while he held three breaths. It was so big that

it could have held all the people in our town. There were many people in it, and they lived all the time in different parts of that big canoe.

There was a place in the middle of it where a great fire burned all the time; a fire so great that it looked to me like the fire that is inside the burning mountain. I was afraid that it would burn us all up, but the white men knew how to shut it up.

It was this fire that made the canoe go. I don't know how, but that was the way. We went very fast all the time; just as fast at night as in the daytime. We never stopped at all. After the first day or two we saw no land. I would never have believed there was so much water. How could any man tell where we were going, yet our canoe rushed ahead all the time. There was a man up above who told the canoe where to go. But how did he know? For many days we saw no land, yet we kept on night and day. Even in dark nights when there was no moon or star we went on just as fast. We talked among ourselves, but we could not understand how the white men knew.

After a long time we came to America, and then we saw city after city, all packed with wonders. At every place the white people crowded about us and stared as though we looked very strange. We were carried for many days in houses that went on wheels and flew along like birds. And now it seemed as

if the land would never end. We must have come nearly a hundred days' journey in a week. But at last we reached another big water again and then we stopped right on the shore of this great city of Coney Island, where there seems to be always feasting.

All about us there is always music, but it is not good music, not so good as ours.

Great crowds of people came to see us every day and we show them how we live. They are good people, but they do not look well. They all wear clothes, even the children. It is bad that any one should wear clothes, but much worse for the children. We pity them. They cannot be well, unless they leave their clothes off and let the wind and the sun get to their skins. Perhaps they are ashamed because they don't look well with their clothes off. They are thin and stooping and pale.

That is because they work so much. It is very foolish to work. Men who work hard do not live long.

Everything we want grows in the forest; we make our houses out of cane, rattan and leaves, our women weave our loin cloths, and we get our food from the trees and from the fields of rice and sweet potatoes and sugar cane.

Why cannot the Americans live like that? I would tell them about our ways if I could, because I feel sorry for them; they look sick and they should never put clothes on the chil-

dren. If God had meant the children to wear clothes he would have clothed them himself.

Maybe many of the people cover themselves up because they know that they do not look well without clothes; they are too thin or too fat, or they are crooked. That is why the women hidé their shapes, I suppose. But if they lived as our women do they would soon look as well as ours look. Our women by climbing about the mountains have large limbs and look handsome.

I have seen may wonders here, but we will not bring any of them home to Bontoc. We do not want them there.

We have the great sun and moon to light us; what do we want of your little suns? The houses that fly like birds would be no good to us, because we do not want to leave Bontoc.

The most wonderful thing that I have seen in the United States is the stick that you talk in and another man hears your voice a day's journey away. I have walked all around and looked at the back, but I can't see how it does it. But we don't need that; we can call as far as we want to by pounding on a hollow tree with a club.

This is a fine country and I like all the people, but I am going back to Bontoc to stay there till I die. I don't know when I'll die; some people with us live to be very old—maybe, 300 years.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LIFE STORY OF A SYRIAN

The following chapter is a composite. Three young Syrians of Washington Street, New York, each lent a part of his life to the making of it, in order that the story might be nearly representative of the average Syrian immigrant.

THE house in which I was born was situated in a little hamlet about half way up one of the spurs of the southern part of the Lebanon mountain range at an elevation of something like 6,000 feet.

It was a house of two rooms, the largest of which was nearly twenty feet square and had a window of glass. It was a small window with four small panes in it. This with the door gave light by day, and at night a large stone lamp blazed.

The walls of the house were of rough stones and the floor of hard clay, covered over with skins of sheep and goats. Our house sat on a terrace and its front yard was the roof of a neighbor's house, while its own roof was the front yard of another neighbor's house on the first terrace above. The roofs are of thick clay carried on wooden beams and branches. These Lebanon hamlets come down the mountains in steps and the streets are like ladders.

From our front yard, where some orange and fig trees grew, we had a fine view of the western end of the Mediterranean Sea, which looked very close but really was twenty miles away. We could see ships more than fifty miles distant from us.

We were within ten miles of a fine grove of the famous cedars of Lebanon and only a day's journey from Baalbec, where are the ruins that Americans think so wonderful, but which did not interest us at all. Baalbec lies over the mountains inland, while at about equal distance from us on the seacoast lies Beirut, where the Governor of the Lebanon district resides.

Lebanon district, which is only 87 miles long, has a sort of independent government protected by the great Powers of Europe. The Pasha, though dependent on the Sultan, is a Christian, and we never see Turkish soldiers. If a small body of Turkish soldiers went into Lebanon they would never get out again. There have been no outrages in the district since the Druses, helped by the Turks, began a general massacre of Maronites in 1860. They killed 35,000 before the Powers interfered and established the new form of independent government, which many of us believe is worse than the old Turkish domination, as all power is in the hands of the Maronite priests and monks, of whom there are nearly 12,000 in a population of less than

200,000, and they are very corrupt and grind the people unmercifully.

Almost all the Syrians in New York, about 5,000 in number, have come here during the past twenty years, attracted by what they have heard of America and driven out by the Maronite priests' misrule.

The Maronites are Roman Catholics, and the Patriarch, who is their ruler, obeys the Pope of Rome. The Jesuits are very active in the district, and within twenty years American Protestant missionaries, with headquarters at Beirut, have established many schools and missions and their influence has grown and is growing. Where they devote themselves to education they do a great deal of good, but where they engraft the theological subtleties of Protestant sects on the already sufficiently complex religious growth of Lebanon they produce as much harm and confusion as the Jesuits. Van Dyke as an educator did fine work and his name is sacred in Syria to-day. Most of the people in Lebanon district now are Maronites, but there is a large minority of Greek Christians and Mohammedans.

The Maronite clergy own one-third of the land in the Lebanon district. They are untaxed and have many monopolies. Nominally their wealth is for the poor, but actually the poor man is lucky if he makes a bare living. Everything works to keep him down, no matter how clever and industrious he may be.

The rich men who own the land hire those who can't get land, agreeing to pay them from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the value of crop raised. At the end of the season by various swindles this is reduced to about eight per cent., the rich man swearing falsely concerning the amount received for the crop. The poor men out of their small share have to pay a government tax that amounts to a tenth of all that they possess. They cannot get redress from the courts because these are corrupt, and the rich man can buy any decision that he pleases.

The principal product is silk cocoons, as the mulberry grows very well on Mount Lebanon.

There was a very beautiful view, as I have said, from our front yard. The sea was in front and the mountains behind and on both sides. These tapered up to snowy peaks. Much was bare red and brown rock and clay, but there were also beautiful valleys. Six other villages and hamlets were in sight in easy walking distance, so that we did not lack neighbors. There were no shops and merchandise was carried on the backs of camels and asses.

When I was five years old I went to school and studied the Arabic alphabet. I wore a shirt with a girdle, in which was a horn inkstand with a reed pen that had a big stub cut slantwise. All education in Lebanon district is in the hands of the Maronite monks and

friars, and a friar was my teacher. Our class repeated the Arabic alphabet in unison for two hours at a time as one of the exercises. When I advanced I was taught to speak Arabic and also to repeat and sing the Psalms of David. My aspiration, like that of all the other Maronite boys, was to become a priest, to say mass and sing in the church. We went to mass every day, and our appeals to Mary, who is the great saint of the country, were constant. However, we stole fruit and flowers, killed chickens and ran away from school just like other boys elsewhere, and the friar at times used to bastinado us—that is, beat us with a cane on the soles of the feet, an attention which made us howl till we could be heard about as far away as Cyprus.

We played marbles and ball, and when I was eight years old I used to go hunting with an elder brother. High up on the mountains there is still plenty of game—deer, partridge, rabbits, and occasionally a bear. We saw leopards twice, but my brother could not get a shot at them.

But the principal excitement of our lives was caused by our wars with other boys. A field lay half way between our village and the next one. It was a desirable one from the standpoint of boys, as we could run races and jump and play ball in it. The other boys wanted it, too, and so we fought with sticks and stones many times, inflicting wounds until

the head men of our villages came out and beat us with sticks.

One evening we worked very late in order to make a sort of fort from which to fight the other boys with stones, and the darkness overtook us when we were on the way home. We had to pass a graveyard and there we saw a ghoul—at least my brother saw it, or said he saw it. We ran all the way home and I nearly died of fright. Ghouls devour the dead. They are quite common in Syria. I never heard of them hurting the living; still the people are madly afraid of them. My grandmother said that in her time there were two ghouls that came every night to the graveyard, but never before midnight, when no one could see them. My father thought it might have been a sheep or an ass in the graveyard, but my brother, who was twelve years old, was quite sure it was a ghoul. So we were careful to stay in the house after dark.

All the people of our village and all the villages about us were in mortal terror about jinns, which kidnap living people and carry them away, if they do not kill them on the spot. My grandmother once knew a whole family that was carried off by the jinns and never heard of again. Sometimes a jinn catches a man alone on the mountains and casts him down from a precipice—at least that is one of the beliefs of our people.

As I advanced in school I was taught pen-

manship. This is a most important accomplishment in Syria. When one says that a certain person is a penman it means much; it means that he is a scholar in the eyes of the community. Good penmen are much respected.

Grammar was far the hardest study. The Syrian grammar is famous for its complications and is, of course, a stumbling block on the road to useful learning. No one masters it, but all scholars spend years of their time struggling to commit its rules to memory. Books have been written about single letters of the alphabet, and these, also, are stumbling blocks.

I got a little arithmetic, some history and geography at this first school and then I went to an American mission school, where my education was continued.

It was about fifteen years ago when I first began to attend the American mission school. This was very different from that which was taught by the friar. At the first school there were few books and I got the impression that there were only about 500 different books in the world, the most important being the Syrian Bible and some writings of our saints. The friar told us that wicked men wrote other books sometimes, but no one read them or would be allowed to read them.

I believed that Syria was the grandest country in the world, the Mount Lebanon district

the finest part of Syria, the Maronite monks and friars the most enlightened of men, and the Sultan the most powerful and urbane ruler.

Going to the American school broadened my horizon. I found that the world was larger than I had thought and that there were other great countries beside Syria. Gradually the idea of becoming a Maronite monk, forever chanting the psalms and swinging a censer, or domineering over the poor people, lost its charm for me and I began to think that there might be some other sort of life happier and more useful. I found that only a few priests really understood the Syriac service, and that their wisdom and knowledge were not nearly so great as I had believed.

There was an encyclopedia at the American school which I learned how to use after a time and this broadened my ideas. I read the articles on Syria and the United States, and found to my astonishment that the book made the United States out to be a far larger and richer country than Syria or even Turkey. When I told my old teacher, the friar, about that he was very angry and complained to the Patriarch, who was scandalized to think that such a book should come to Mount Lebanon. He said that it told lies.

I asked the American teacher and he told me that the encyclopedia was very carefully prepared, each article on a country being writ-

ten by the men who knew most about the various divisions of the subject. The teacher had a great many pictures of American cities, streets and scenes, and I could see that life in that land was very different from ours. I heard about the telephone, telegraph and railroad, and as I already knew about fire ships on account of seeing them go by on the water, it began to dawn on me that there was a very great and active world outside of Mount Lebanon, and that it might be possible to find something better to do than be a monk.

The American teacher never talked to me about religion; but I can see that those monks and priests are the curse of our country, keeping the people in ignorance and grinding the faces of the poor while pretending to be their friends.

The Americans who had established the mission schools on Mount Lebanon were greatly hated by the Maronite monks, because they go right into their field, but they have kindled a great light and it may result in the uplifting not only of Syria but also of all the surrounding lands.

Great changes have come in the minds of our people since I was a boy. They were like cattle in the old days and took the blows of their rulers as a matter of course, not knowing that such a thing as freedom for the common people existed. But at the time when I was going to the mission school new knowledge

began to get about and there were whisperings of discontent that became louder and louder.

Some of the boldest of our men began to tell each other that the poor should have their own and that the courts should deal justice. One time a boy of about my own age told me that if I went up the mountain a mile and a half and looked under the exposed roots of a great tree to which he pointed I would find something good. He was a bold, wild boy and I did not know what he meant or whether he was just joking. Nevertheless I went as he directed and in a copper cylinder I found a number of newspapers which were printed in Arabic. They were from New York, written by Syrians residing there, and they bitterly attacked the Government of Lebanon, the Maronite priests and the Sultan of Turkey, saying that Lebanon and Syria could never have freedom till all these were overthrown.

I was much frightened at reading these papers and quickly put them back where I had found them and ran away from the place, for I thought that if any priest found me with them I might lose my life. When I again met the boy who told me about those papers I hung down my head and hurried past him. I was afraid, and besides I still thought that our Government was as good as any.

Little by little my mind began to change and my eyes to open, till I could see that our people really were suffering terrible wrongs

which did not exist in some other countries, and at last I had a personal experience of the corruptness of the courts that made me feel that a revolution was needed.

My father, who died when I was young, left, in addition to our house, certain property in land, cattle and sheep that was of about the value of $6,000. This was in the hands of his best friend. Another man made claim to it, saying that my father had sold to him, and producing a forged bill of sale and receipt for the money. My mother went to the court with witnesses to prove the forgery and the judge put her off from time to time. Her witnesses were threatened and actually driven away from court on the day of the trial, and a decision was given in favor of the forger. My mother went to the judge with her uncle, who had the statements of our witnesses about the forgery, but the judge flew in a passion, insulted my uncle and drove him and my mother away. Then they appealed and for three years more were kept waiting. At the end of that time the court again decided against them, refusing to let our witnesses tell their story and seizing their property and the property of my uncle to pay the costs.

An appeal was then made to the Governor at Beirut, and there was much more delay, but we could never get him to listen to us, and every time we went it cost us money.

My uncle, who had a high temper, was very

angry at this treatment and said one time in the hearing of a monk that the judges were rascals and the Governor not any better, and two days later he was put in prison and his friends had to pay much money to get him out.

When he came to our house again he told us that we should all have to leave the country now, for the officials would give us no rest. He went to Beirut and asked about the steamships there, and we found that we could get one that would take us direct to New York, the place where the Arabic newspapers that attacked our Government were printed. We knew that that was in the United States, and we had heard that poor people were not oppressed there.

We sold all our remaining possessions and found that we had about $60 left after we had paid for our passage on the steamer. The passage cost us $170 and we were three weeks making it, for we stopped at Egypt and Italy and some French and Spanish cities before we stretched out on that run across the Atlantic Ocean. I had never seen any city except Beirut before, and the voyage up the Mediterranean was to me a series of the most astonishing pictures. But all these seemed small after I came into New York bay and found myself almost surrounded by cities, any one of which was far larger and grander than any I had seen in Europe. We passed close by the

grand Statue of Liberty and saw in the distance the beautiful white bridge away up in the blue sky and the big buildings towering up like our own mountain peaks. I was almost prepared to see snow on their tops, though it was the summer time nine years ago.

My uncle had a friend who met us at Ellis Island and helped to get us quickly out of the vessel, and ten hours after we had come into the bay we were established in two rooms in the third story of a brick house in Washington Street, only three blocks away from Battery Park. Two minutes' walk from us was roaring Broadway, seven minutes' walking brought us to the Bridge entrance, and fifteen minutes' walk brought us to the center of the bridge, where, high up above the city and in air that rushed in from the ocean and was as fresh as that in mid-Atlantic, we saw a part of the wonderful picture of New York spread out. It was stunning after the quiet of our hamlet. I took in that picture day after day during the first week after my landing here. There was so much that was strange and new and suggestive of life and power that I never got tired of looking at the buildings on the land and the vessels of all sorts that shot about through the waters.

I went at night also and saw the city more wonderful than ever, the buildings outlined in the darkness, in chains and rows and circles and ropes of various colored lights—illumi-

nated diamonds and rubies, emeralds, pearls, topazes and all other gems. Never was there such an illumination.

I had learned English in the mission school and as I was a good penman I had no difficulty in securing work as a clerk in an Oriental goods store, where some other Syrians were employed. My uncle, who understands the art of inlaying with silver, ivory and mother of pearl, also got work, and my mother kept house for us and added to our joint income by embroidering slippers after the Lebanon fashion. Between us we earned $22 a week, and as our rent was only $10 a month and food did not cost any more than $6 a week, we saved money.

I remained a clerk for three years and then became a reporter for a Syrian newspaper, as I thought that my education entitled me to aspire. At first my paper was pro-Turkish, but when the recent Armenian atrocities began we found a state of affairs that we could not possibly defend and were impelled to assail the Turkish Government and especially the Sultan—in fact, made a great many bitter attacks on him.

Some of these papers by secret means we managed to circulate in Turkey and especially in Syria, and I soon found that I was a marked man.

In 1897, desiring to revisit Syria, I resigned from the newspaper and secured passage on a

steamer; but I did not go, for I found that the Turkish Consul here had telegraphed to Beirut:

"A—— about to leave New York. Arrest him."

I went back to work on the newspaper, but a year later started a printing office of my own in Washington Street, which is the center of our quarter. Soon I had a newspaper of my own. This now comes out three times a week.

I attacked the Turkish Government, and especially the Sultan, more strongly than ever, and managed by secret contrivances to circulate my newspaper quite widely in Syria, as well as openly here. I spoke for the young Syria Association, which was organized here four years ago and now includes most of our people. It wants freedom from Syria. Of course we do not suppose that Syria could be a nation standing alone, but, protected by the Powers, it could enjoy real self-government, and it is that and the banishment of the misrulers that we demand.

An effort was made to win me over to the pro-Turkish party. A priest walked into my office one day nearly two years ago and, after telling me that he represented the Patriarch, began to remonstrate concerning my attacks on the Sultan. He said:

"I have heard about you from the old country and I advise you not to write against the Sultan."

I said: "Father, what do you want?"

He answered: "My Patriarch has empowered me to tell you that, although you have been condemned as a criminal, we can procure your pardon and have you decorated and given the title of Bey, provided you stop attacking the Sultan and make your paper say that he is a good man who deserves the support of all loyal Syrians."

I replied: "Don't come here another time and say such things to me. If you were not a priest I would insult you."

He went away and I heard no more from him, but I afterward received a copy of a proclamation issued concerning me by Rasheed Bey, Governor of Beirut.: It is dated March 12th, 1902. I translate it as follows:

TO THE PUBLIC:

Because L—— J—— A——, who is medium in height, dark complexioned, with chestnut eyes, light hair and mustache, and whose age is 29 and who is from the village of Rome, El Matten, Mount Lebanon, who has published many articles that make harm for his Imperial Highness, the Sultan, and which are full of treason and cursed, and who fled from this country because his doings are criminal, we hereby condemn him to death, according to Article 66 of the Criminal Code.

And this will give notice to the officials of the Government, military and civil, and the justices, that they are to arrest this A—— if he comes within their jurisdiction, and give him to the court.

My assistant editor has also since been condemned to death.

The authorities of the Syrian Church are pro-Turkish, having been captured by the Government. They wear the Sultan's decorations and receive his gifts and they are not true to their own people. The Sultan rules by means of such people and the huge army of spies that he maintains all over the empire.

It is the Sultan of Turkey himself who is responsible for the Armenian massacres. He is a bloody minded tyrant, the very worst Sultan who ever sat on the Turkish throne. I have said so many times in my newspaper.

We look upon England as having much responsibility for the Armenian massacres. If she had not held Russia back Turkey would long ago have been wiped off the map, and the Christians now under her Government would be safe in the enjoyment of their property and the practice of their religion. But lately it has been Germany that has come to the front as the champion of Turkey. When he was in Palestine three years ago the Emperor of Germany met Zoab Pasha and publicly rebuked him for having surrendered Crete to the Powers.

The little Syrian city which we have established within the big city of New York has its distinctive life and its distinctive institutions. It has six newspapers printed in Arabic, one of them a daily; it has six churches

conducted by Syrian priests, and many stores, whose signs, wares and owners are all Syrian.

There are two Syrian drug stores and many dry goods, notions, jewelry, antiques and French novelties, and manufacturers of brooches, kimonas, wrappers, suspenders, tobacco, cigarettes, silk embroidery, silk shawls, Oriental goods, rugs, arms, etc. A Syrian restaurant recently established in Cortlandt Street is the best in the city. Our people are active and are doing well in business here, as any one may know by looking at the number of advertisements in the newspapers.

When we first came we expected to return to Syria, but this country is very attractive and we have stayed until we have put out roots. Two-thirds of our men now are American citizens, and the others are fast progressing along the same lines. Still we feel friendship for the old country and a desire to secure her welfare and especially her freedom.

When we say that 300,000 Christian people have recently been butchered by the Turks in Armenia it does not convey any clear idea to the American mind because people here are so used to peace and order and their imaginations simply refuse to think out the details.

Let us, then, take a village of 300 Armenians that has offended the Pasha of the district but has forgotten the incident. In the morning all the people get up and go about their work; the whole place hums with life and mer-

riment. Suddenly there is an alarm: "The soldiers are coming!" Then the people remember that the Pasha is offended and the wildest confusion results. Then women and children run shrieking through the streets, calling to each, collecting their families, and then trying to run to some place of concealment.

But the laughing soldiers are upon them, making sport of their fear and their sufferings. The guns soon quiet the fighting men and the youths, and then the boys and old women are slaughtered at leisure and with true relish. The pretty women are left till the last.

Soon after the site of that village is covered with ashes and corpses.

If Americans repeat that picture a thousand times they may have some conception of what the Armenian massacres really are.

They express the Turk at his very worst as we find him in the person of the Sultan.

Such things are not done in Syria, because Syria is on the seacoast and the war ships of the Christian Powers are very convenient. In 1860 the Druses began massacring Christians in Syria, but the Christian Powers interfered and since then the Christians there have been under the protection of those Powers.

But Armenia is remote and the Turkish Government can lie about the causes and results of trouble there.

CHAPTER XV

THE LIFE STORY OF A JAPANESE SERVANT

Those who have wondered what was behind the uniform politeness and unreadable face of a Japanese servant will be interested in this very frank confession of one, whose preconceived ideal of America as a land of opportunity and equality has been disproved by his experience here. No alterations whatever have been made in the manuscript, for his occasional use of Japanese idioms and of bookish English makes his narrative all the more personal and naïve. He requests his name withheld, but possibly some of his employers will recognize themselves as seen in a Japanese mirror.

THE desire to see America was burning at my boyish heart. The land of freedom and civilization of which I heard so much from missionaries and the wonderful story of America I heard of those of my race who returned from here made my longing ungovernable. Meantime I have been reading a popular novel among the boys, "The Adventurous Life of Tsurukichi Tanaka, Japanese Robinson Crusoe." How he acquired new knowledge from America and how he is honored and favored by the capitalists in Japan. How willingly he has endured the hardships in order to achieve the success. The story made a strong impression on my mind. Finally I made up my mind to come to this country to receive an American education.

I was an orphan and the first great trouble was who will help me the expense? I have some property my father left for me. But a minor has not legally inherited, hence no power to dispossess them. There must be at least 200 yen for the fare and equipment. While 200 yen has only exchange value to $100 of American gold, the sum is really a considerable amount for a boy. Two hundred yen will be a sufficient capital to start a small grocery store in the country town or to start a prospective fish market in the city. Of course, my uncle shook his head and would not allow me to go to America. After a great deal of difficulty and delay I have prevailed over his objection. My heart swelled joy when I got a passport, Government permission to leave the country, after waiting thirty days investigated if really I am a student and who are the guardians to pay money in case of necessity. A few days later I found myself on board the *Empress of Japan,* of the Canadian Pacific Line. The moment steamer commence to leave Yokohama I wished to jump back to shore, but was too late and I was too old and ashamed to cry.

After the thirteen days' weary voyage we reached Victoria, B. C. When I have landed there I have disappointed as there not any wonderful sight to be seen not much different that of foreign settlement in Yokohama. My destination was Portland, Ore., where my

cousin is studying. Before I took a boat in Puget Sound to Tacoma, Wash., we have to be examined by the immigration officer. To my surprise these officers looked to me like a plain citizen—no extravagant dignity, no authoritative air. I felt so envious, I said to myself, "Ah! Indeed this is the characteristic of democracy, equality of personal right so well shown." I respect the officers more on this account. They asked me several questions. I answered with my broken English I have learned at Yokohama Commercial School. Finally they said: "So you are a student? How much money have you at hand?" I showed them $50. The law requires $30. The officers gave me a piece of stamped paper—certificate—to permit me go into the United States. I left Victoria 8 P. M. and arrived Tacoma, Wash., 6 A. M. Again I have surprised with the muddy streets and the dirty wharf. I thought the wharf of Yokohama is hundred times better. Next morning I left for Portland, Ore.

Great disappointment and regret I have experienced when I was told that I, the boy of 17 years old, smaller in stature indeed than an ordinary 14 years old American boy, imperfect in English knowledge, I can be any use here, but become a domestic servant, as the field for Japanese very narrow and limited. Thus reluctantly I have submitted to be a recruit of the army of domestic servants of

which I ever dreamed up to this time. The place where I got to work in the first time was a boarding house. My duties were to peel potatoes, wash the dishes, a few laundry work, and also I was expected to do whatever mistress, waitress and cook has told me.

When I first entered the kitchen wearing a white apron what an uncomfortable and mortifying feeling I experienced. I thought I shall never be able to proceed the work. I felt as if I am pressed down on my shoulder with loaded tons of weight. My heart palpitates. I did not know what I am and what to say. I stood by the door of kitchen motionless like a stone, with a dumbfounded silence. The cook gave me a scornful look and said nothing. Perhaps at her first glance she perceived me entirely unfit to be her help. A kindly looking waitress, slender, alert Swedish girl, sympathetically put the question to me if I am first time to work. She said, " Oh! well, you will get learn and soon be used to it! " as if she has fully understand the situation. Indeed, this ordinary remarks were such a encouragement. She and cook soon opened the conference how to rescue me. In a moment I was to the mercy of Diana of the kitchen like Arethusa. Whistling up the courage I started to work. The work being entirely new and also such an unaccustomed one, I felt exceedingly unpleasant and hard. Sonorous voice from the cook of my slowness in peeling

potatoes often vibrated into my tympanum. The waitress occasionally called out for the butter plates and saucers at the top of her displeasing voice. Frequently the words "Hurry up!" were added. I always noticed her lips at the motion rather than hands. The proprietor, an old lady, painstakingly taught me to work how. Almost always commencing the phrase "I show you" and ending "Did you understand?" The words were so prominently sounded; finally made me tired of it and latter grew hated to hear of it. Taking the advantage of my green hand Diana of kitchen often unloaded hers to me. Thus I have been working almost all the time from 5.30 A. M. to 9 P. M. When I got through the day's work I was tired.

Things went on, however, fairly well for the first six days, forgetting my state and trying to adapt my own into the environment. But when Sunday come all my subsided emotions sprung up, recollecting how pleasantly I used spend the holidays. This memory of past pleasure vast contrast of the present one made me feel ache. What would the boys in Japan say if they found me out. I am thus employed in the kitchen receiving the orders from the maid-servant whom I have once looked down and thought never to be equal while I was dining at my uncle's house. I feel the home-sick. I was so lonesome and so sorry that I came to America. Ignoring the

kind advice of my friends, rejecting the offer of help from my uncle at home, quickened by my youthful sentiment to be the independent, and believing the work alone to be the noble, I came to this country to educate myself worthy to my father's name. How beautiful idea it was while it existed in imagination, but how hard it is when it came to practice. There was no honor, no responsibility, no sense of duty, but the pliancy of servitude was the cardinal requirement. There is no personal liberty while your manhood is completely ignored.

Subduing my vanity, overcoming from the humiliation and swallowing down all the complaints, weariness and discouragement, I went on one week until Sunday. In spite of my determination to face into the world, manly defending my own in what I have within, together with my energy and ability, I could not resist the offspring from my broken-hearted emotions. Carrying the heavy and sad heart I was simply dragged by the day's routine work. The old lady inquired me if I am not sick. I replied, " No." Thank enough for a first time she gave me a chance to rest from 1 o'clock to 4 afternoon. Sooner I retired into my room, locked the door, throwing the apron away. I cast myself down on the bed and sobbed to my heart contention. Thus let out all my suppressed emotion of grief from the morning. You might laugh at me, yet none the less it was a true state of my mind

at that moment. After this free outburst of my passion I felt better. I was keenly felt the environment was altogether not congenial. I noticed myself I am inclining considerably sensitive.

After I stay there about ten days I asked the old lady that I should be discharged. She wanted me to state the reason. My real objection was that the work was indeed too hard and unpleasant for me to bear and also there were no time even to read a book. But I thought it rather impolite to say so and partly my strange pride hated to confess my weakness, fearing the reflection as a lazy boy. Really I could not think how smoothly I should tell my reasons. So I kept silent rather with a stupefied look. She suggested me if the work were not too hard. It was just the point, but how foolish I was; I did positively denied. "Then why can you not stay here?" she went on. I said, childishly, "I have nothing to complain; simply I wants to go back to New York. My passion wants to." Then she smiled and said, "Poor boy; you better think over; I shall speak to you to-morrow." Next day she told me how she shall be sorry to lose me just when I have began to be handy to her after the hard task to taught me work how. Tactfully she persuaded me to stay. At the end of second week I asked my wages, but she refused on the ground that if she does I might leave her. Day by day my

sorrow and regret grew stronger. My heavy heart made me feel so hard to work. At that moment I felt as if I am in the prison assigned to the hard labor. My coveted desire was to be freed from the yoke of this old lady. Believing the impossibility to obtain her sanction, early in the next morning while everybody still in the bed, I hide my satchel under the bush in the back yard. When mistress went on market afternoon, while everybody is busy, I have jumped out from the window and climbed up the fence to next door and slip away. Leaving the note and wages behind me, I hurried back to Japanese Christian Home.

Since then I have tried a few other places with a better success at each trial and in course of time I have quite accustomed to it and gradually become indifferent as the humiliation melted down. Though I never felt proud of this vocation, in several cases I have commenced to manifest the interest of my avocation as a professor of Dust and Ashes. The place where I worked nearly three years was an ideal position for a servant as could be had. The master was a manager of a local wholesale concern. He was a man of sunny side of age, cultured and careful, conservative gentleman, being a graduate of Princeton. His wife, Mrs. B., was young and pretty, dignified yet not boasted. She was wonderfully industrial lady. She attends woman's club, church and social functions. Yet never neglect her

home duty. Sometimes I found her before the sewing machine. She was such a devoted wife whenever she went out shopping, to club, or afternoon tea, or what not, she was always at home before her husband come back from the office. Often she went out a block or two to meet him and then both come home together side by side. Their home life was indeed an ideal one. Their differences were easily made out. It was very seldom the master alone goes out the evening, except in business. Occasionally they went to the theater and concert. Every Sunday both went together to the morning service and afternoon they drived to the cemetery, where the mistress's beloved mother resting eternally.

She was such a sympathetic young lady whenever I was busy, being near examination. She arranged for me not to have any company and very often they have dined out. Indeed, I adored her as much as Henry Esmond did to Lady Castlemond. She was, however, not angel or goddess. Sometimes she showed the weakness of human nature. One day while I was wiping the mirror of the hall stand the mirror slipped down and broken to pieces. Fortunately she was around and witnessed the whole process. It was indeed a pure accident. It is bad enough to break the mirror even in Japan, as we write figuratively the broken mirror, meaning the divorce. In old mythological way we regard the mirror as a woman's

heart. I felt very bad with the mingling emotion of guilt and remorse. She repeated nearly rest of the day how it is a bad luck and were I only been careful so on. Made me exceedingly uncomfortable.

I was exceedingly hate to leave her place, but I got through High School and there was no colleges around. Hence I was compelled to bid farewell to my adored and respected mistress, who was kind enough to take me as her *protégé* and treated me an equal. It seems to me no language are too extravagant to compliment her in order to express my gratitude toward her.

Next position I had was in New York—a family of up-to-date fashionable mistress. I was engaged as a butler. I have surprised the formality she observe. The way to open the door, salute the guest, language to be used according to the rank of the guests and how to handle the name card. Characteristic simplicity of democracy could not be seen in this household. I am distinctly felt I am a servant, as the mistress artificially created the wide gap between her and me. Her tone of speech were imperial dignity. I have only to obey her mechanically and perform automatically the assigned duty. To me this state of things were exceedingly dull. I know I am servant full well, yet I wished to be treated as a man. I thought she is so accustomed the sycophancy and servility of the servants she

could not help but despise them. Perhaps the experience forced her to think the servants cannot be trusted and depended upon. I thought I might be able to improve the situation by convincing her my efficiency and also I have no mercenary spirit. Though the position may be a disgraceful one, I consoled my own, hoping to make it pure and exalt little higher by the recognition of my personality by my master and mistress. I was anxious to find out of my mistress's strongest principle of her self-regard. I have carefully listened her conversation in the dining table with her husband, of whom I regretfully observed the traces of the hard-hearted and close-fitted selfishness, and at the afternoon tea with her friends. But each occasion made me feel disappointed. One day she told me go out get for her the cigarettes. Out of my surprise I said to her, "Do you smoke?" I had not a least bit of idea that the respectful American lady would smoke. I was plainly told that I am her servant. I got to obey whatever she wants to. Same afternoon I have been told to serve the afternoon tea. The mistress seeing the tea cup, said to me, "No, no; put the glass for the champagne, of course." I was once more surprised. Meantime the luxuriously dressed, pretty looking creature whom, when I met at the hallway, they were so dignified with the majestic air and impressed me as if they were the living angels; but, to my utter

disgust, these fair, supposed innocent sex drunk and smoke like men do. Next day I tendered my resignation to my ladyship.

Another new impression I have obtained in this household. One day I noticed a diagram map of the lineage of the family hanging on the wall of the reception room. The ancestor was a knight of Crusade. This phenomena has quite struck me. Before I came to this country I have told my uncle the worship of ancestor is a primitive idea and boast of ancestor is a remnant notion of Feudalism. I shall be my own ancestor. I remember how he reprimanded me with a red hot angry. Still at the bottom of my heart I have contended I am right. I thought I rather worship Franklin and Emerson. Now I must say that human nature is everywhere just the same.

One summer I worked at steam yacht as a cabin boy. Captain, Chief and sailors were all good-natured human being. I do not see why they have been called as sea dogs. When you come contact with them they are really the lovely fellow. Indeed, they are good for nothing; too honest and too simple-minded to succeed modern complicated business world. Of course they use the unbecoming languages, but they really does not mean so. They use swearing even when they expose their joy and appreciation. I am soon nicknamed as "Jap Politician," as I have always fight against the ship crew of their socialistic tendency, defend-

ing the statesmen and wealthy people. It is wonderful how the morbid socialistic sentiment saturated among the unhealthy mind of the sailors.

Although I has been advocated the gospel of wealth and extolled the rich, I hate the rich people who display their wealth and give me a tip in a boastful manner. I felt I am insulted and I have protested. Sometime the tip was handed down indirectly from the hands of the captain. Each time when I have obliged to take the tip I am distinctly felt "the gift without giver is bare." I, however, thankfully accepted the offer from a lady who give me the money in such a kind and sympathetic manner. A gentleman gave one dollar, saying, "I wish this were ten times as much; still I want you keep it for me to help your study." Indeed this one dollar how precious I felt. Once a fastidious lady was on the board. She used to kick one thing to another. Of course I did not pay any attention. Whenever she scold me, I said at heart, "It's your pleasure to blame me, lady. I, on my part, simply to hear you. I am not almighty; I cannot be a perfect. If I made mistake I shall correct. You might bully me as you please and treat me like a dog, I shall not object. I have a soul within me. My vital energy in self-denying struggle could not be impaired by your despise. On the contrary, it will be stimulated." That the way I used to

swallowed down all the reprimand she gave me. I, however, getting tired to hear her sharp tongue and hoping to be on the good term with her. One morning I have exerted an exceptionally good care to clean her cabin. Right after I got through her compartment she called me back and told me that I did not take a care of. I replied emphatically with a conviction, " I did my best under the circumstance." But she insisted I must do better next time. Then she took out dollar bill, gave it to me. I refused to take it. She thrust the money into my hand. I have thrown back the paper money to her feet. " Madam, this is the bribe and graft. I am amply paid from the owner of the yacht to serve you," said I. " No, madam; no tip for me." Without waiting her answer, while she seemed taken entirely surprised, I quickly withdrew from her. Since then she has entirely changed her attitude toward me.

While I was working on the boat I noticed the cook making a soup from a spring chicken and a good size of fine roast beef. I am amazed of the extravagant use of the material. I asked him why he do not use the soup meat and a cheaper roaster for making the soup. I was told it's none of my business and get out from the place. Daily I witnessed the terrible scene of wasting the food. I often thought something ought to be done. It's just economic crime. The foodstuff cook

thrown away overboard would be more than enough to support five families in the East Side. Yet the fellow honored as an excellent cook and especially praised of his soup!

The owner of the yacht and mistress were very agreeable persons; the children, too, were also lovely and good-natured youngsters. I shall never forget the kindness and consideration shown by them. While I am waiting on the table I have often drawn into the conversation. The mistress, unlike the wife who commands an enormous fortune, possessed a good common sense and has a sensible judgment in treating of her dependence, as she was cultured lady. The owner of the boat was the man of affairs; a broad-minded man he was. He has had struggling days in his early life. He has shown me great deal of sympathy. I did indeed " just love " to serve them, as one of the sailors has said to me.

Next summer I have been told by Mr. C. to work his yacht again. He said he would pay me $40 per month and if I stayed whole season he would add to it $100. " This $100 is not charity; it my appreciation for your self-denying struggle, to help your school expenses," said he. How hard it was to reject for such a kind offer. I asked two days for the answer. Finally I have decided to refuse, as I had some reasons to believe there are possibility to develop my ability in another direction more congenial line. For days I did not

hear from him. I thought I am sure he has angered me. I was waiting the occasion to explain to him fully and apologize. About a month later I got the message to come to his office. To my surprise Mr. C. told me he would give me $50 at the fall to help me out my school expenses. He said, " I am interested with you. You will be a great man some day. I wanted to express by appreciation to the 'hard spot within you.' " How gratefully I felt. I did not find the suitable phrase to express my thanks, so I simply said, " Thank you." But inwardly I did almost worshiped him. I felt I am not alone in this world. What encouragement Mr. C.'s words to me; I felt as though I got the reinforcement of one regiment.

Shall I stop here with this happy memory? Yet before I close this confession I cannot pass on without disclosing a few incidence I suffered from the hands of inconsiderate millionaire. About three years ago I have worked as a butler in a millionaire's mansion at N. J. Mistress was the young lady about twenty-three years old and the master was forty-five years old. Every morning mistress would not get up till eleven o'clock. Master gets up at six. So we servants serve twice breakfast. At the dinner often mistress and master served the different sort of food. One day I was sick and asked three days' absent to consult Japanese physician in New

York. According the advice of doctor I have written twice asking to be given two more days to rest. I did not get answer. After I stay out five days I took 1.30 P. M. train from Jersey City; returned house 4 P. M. As soon as I entered the mansion the master told me I am discharged. This was the reward for my faithful service of eight months. I wanted to know the reason for. He simply said he wants to have waitress and told me to hurry to pack up my belonging and leave instantly. I asked, however, the reference to be given. He said he would send forward to New York by mail. I was everything ready in one hour; left his mansion at 5 P. M. to the station, where I waited one hour and a half. I returned New York again 9 P. M., with hunger and exhausted from emotion, as I am not quite recovered from my illness. Since then three times I asked for reference; he never answered. Until now it is quite mystery what made him angry me. His action handicapped me greatly to hunt new place.

Once I was engaged as a second butler in the villa of a retired merchant. When I got there I found myself I am really a useful man as well as second butler, as I am requested to make the beds of coachmen, carry up the coal for the cook, help the work of chambermaid, laundress and housekeeper wanted me to do. The members of the family were only three,

old gentleman, old lady and their daughter—old maid. They were proud and aristocratic. They would not speak to servants except to give order and reprimand. There were ten servants to serve them. An old lady and old maid has nothing to do but to watch rigidly how servants work. The old gentleman was lovely, good-natured man. So we servants called an old lady the queen regent, her daughter prosecute attorney, the housekeeper, detective. Every morning I wash the front door porch at 6 A. M. But sometime mail carrier or coachman leave the footmarks after I have cleaned the steps. Later prosecutor get up. If she found the marks she will upbraid me that I did not swept the place at all. When she come to reception room every morning first thing she would do was this, drew out her snow-white clean handkerchief, wrap up her forefinger and scrape the crossboard at the bottom of chair and also the corners of woodwork. If by chance any dust deposited to the handkerchief there will be a thunder of reprimand. The housekeeper-detective was a timid and sensitive woman. She enforced zealously the oppressive domestic rules issued by the queen regent. We were told not to talk aloud or laugh. If we commence to gay and our voice began louder sure the detective come for explanation. I was always looked by her as suspicious boy. There must be complete silence be ruled, hence somewhat gloomy. I

have openly called housekeeper "Miss Detective" and told her, "We ought make this household little cheerful. Let us have sunshine, Miss Detective," said I. While the luxurious dishes are served in the table, the meals given for the servants was lamentably poor one. The dog meat or soup meat was given to our dinner. The morning papers was not allowed to be read until 9 P. M. Besides I was expected to work all the time; this was impossible physically. One afternoon I am so tired I sat down in the chair at the pantry and rested. Miss Detective came inquired why I am not working. I said to her, "I have done everything assigned to me. I am not machine. I cannot work all the time." Soon I was called out before the queen. Her majesty asked me what I have been doing. I replied, "Nothing, madam." "But you must do something, B.," said her majesty. "Did you cleaned the windows of my room?" "I have washed that windows last Saturday; this is Wednesday. They are clean, madam." "Last Saturday! You must wash that windows any way this week!" I told her it is foolish to waste money and it is more so to waste energy. "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" said she. "Do it now!" Finding no use to argue with her I went on to clean the windows. As soon as that is done I told Miss Detective I want to leave instantly; it is perfectly nonsense to

work to such a person to enslave myself. Miss Detective, finding me beyond her control, send me up to the head of family. The old gentleman said: "Say, B., do you understand the law protect you and me." "No, sir; not always for a servant. The law might protect you and your millions are ample enough to break the law," said I in a sulky mood. "All I can do is to escape from the law. You can get rid of your servant when you dislike him. If I insist to quit immediately you can withhold my wages and could compel me to stay till the month out, as I have been engaged so, by resorting to the law." He said I must stay till my successor be found. Finally we have compromised that I should stay five days more.

Greatest trouble and disadvantage to be a domestic servant is that he has to be absolutely subjected under the emotional rule of the mistress. No amount of candid or rational argument will avail. No matter how worthy your dissenting opinion be, if it does not please your mistress you have to suffer for it. Once I worked for a widow lady whose incomes are derived from the real estate, stock and bonds. She is economizing so strictly that often handicapped me. One day, taking the chances of her good humor, I told her that her well meant efforts are the misapplication of her energy, trying to save her pin money through the economy of gas bill and grocery bill

in the old-fashioned way while neglecting to avail herself to the "modern high finance scheme" hereby she may improve her resources. The reward of this speech was an honorable discharge! To be a successful servant is to make yourself a fool. This habitual submission will bring a lamentable effect to the one's brain function. Day after day throughout the years confined into the kitchen and dining-room, physically tired, unable to refresh yourself in the way of mental reciprocity, even the bright head will suffer if stay too long as a servant. Of course, one's character will be greatly improved and refined by serving the employer like Mr. C. and Mrs. B. But they are exception. Majority of employer will not be interested in their servants.

The motive of my engaging in the domestic work, no matter how meritorious it may intrinsically be, our people look with me the scornful eyes if not with positive despise. The doors of prominent Japanese family closed before me. Sometimes I was unrecognized by the fellow students from Japan, who are sons of wealth. I wrote one day a few lines to console myself:

Who does scorn the honest toil
Mayest ungraceful post thou hail
When the motive is true and pure
The wealth of learning to store.

O! never say that my humble lot
Does harm the fame of fortunate sons
Of Yamato. Disgrace me not.
How wilt thou feel, were it thine once.

How I suffer within knowest thou not;
Aspiring hope alone animates weary heart.
Year after year and day after day
To realize the hope dear to my destiny.

Unknown to shape my destination
My heart sobered with resignation.
But far from to be the misanthropist
The love of life giving the keener zest.

I kneel down for the silent prayer,
Concealing my own I toil and prepare
Over the rough sea I steer my heart,
And absorbed the whole my thought.

O what joy how blessed I am!
With inspiring hope for my future aim
To consecrate my own for Truth and Humanity,
To this end I devote with honor and sincerity.

Some say Japanese are studying while they are working in the kitchen, but it is all nonsense. Many of them started so, but nearly all of them failed. It is all well up to college, where there are not much references need to read. After you have served dinner, washing dishes and cleaning dining-room, you are often tired when you commence to write an essay. You will feel sometime your fingers

are stiff and your arms are ache. In the afternoon, just when you began concentrated on the points in the book, the front door bell rung —the goods delivered from the stores, or callers to mistress, or telephone messages and what not. How often you are disturbed while you have to read at least three hours succession quietly in order to make the outline and dug up all the essential points. I have experience, once I attended lecture after I have done a rush work in the kitchen. I was so tired felt as though all the blood in the body rushing up to the brain and partly sleepy. My hands would not work. I could not take the note of professor's lecture, as my head so dull could not order to my hand what professor's lecture was.

Many Japanese servants has told me as soon as they saved sufficient amount of money they would start the business. But many young Japanese, while their intentions are laudable, they will find the vile condition of environment in a large city like New York has a greater force than their moral courage could resist. Disheartened from the hard work or excessive disagreeableness of their environment often tempt them to seek a vain comfort in the misdirected quarter; thus dissipate their preciously earned money. Even those who have saved money successfully for the capital to start the business, their future is quite doubtful. When they have saved enough money

it will be a time that their business ability melted away or by no means are sharp. Years' husbanding of domestic work, handicapped and over-interfered by mistress, their mental agilities are reduced to the lamentable degree. Yet, matured by these undesirable experience, most of them are quite unconscious of this outcome as little by little submissive and depending habit so securely rooted within their mind. It will be an exceedingly hard to adjust themselves immediately to the careful and shrewd watch required in the modern business enterprise, though they may be assisted by the instinct of self-interest. Most deliberate reflection is required from these unconscious servile habit of action to restore to their previous independent thinking mind. The sooner they quit the kitchen the better, though needless to say there are a few exceptions.

Above all I am so grateful to the members of the Japanese Consulate, prominent citizens of our colony, editors of Japanese papers, ministers and secretaries of Japanese missions co-operating each other to help out young Japanese to secure their more agreeable and harmless position, and also they are throwing their good influence to induce Japanese domestic servants to go over to Korea and Manchuria to become a pioneer and land owner in these country, instead of to be the co-worker with the Venus in the American commissary department.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LIFE STORY OF A CHINAMAN

Mr. Lee Chew is a representative Chinese business man of New York. He expresses with much force the following opinions that are generally held by his countrymen throughout America. The interview that follows is strictly as he gave it, except as to detail of arrangement and mere verbiage.

THE village where I was born is situated in the province of Canton, on one of the banks of the Si-Kiang River. It is called a village, although it is really as big as a city, for there are about 5,000 men in it over eighteen years of age—women and children and even youths are not counted in our villages.

All in the village belonged to the tribe of Lee. They did not intermarry with one another, but the men went to other villages for their wives and brought them home to their fathers' houses, and men from other villages —Wus and Wings and Sings and Fongs, etc. —chose wives from among our girls.

When I was a baby I was kept in our house all the time with my mother, but when I was a boy of seven I had to sleep at nights with other boys of the village—about thirty of them in one house. The girls are separated the same way—thirty or forty of them sleeping

together in one house away from their parents —and the widows have houses where they work and sleep, though they go to their fathers' houses to eat.

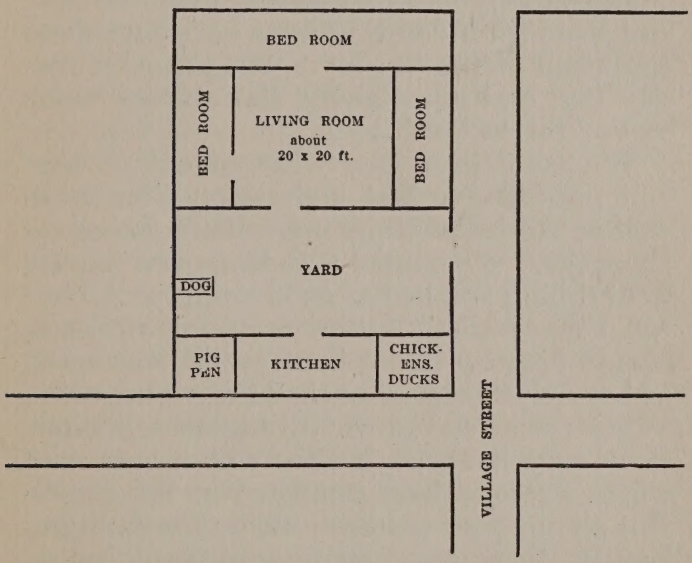
My father's house is built of fine blue brick, better than the brick in the houses here in the United States. It is only one story high, roofed with red tiles and surrounded by a stone wall which also incloses the yard. There are four rooms in the house, one large living room which serves for a parlor and three private rooms, one occupied by my grandfather, who is very old and very honorable; another by my father and mother, and the third by my oldest brother and his wife and two little children. There are no windows, but the door is left open all day.

All the men of the village have farms, but they don't live on them as the farmers do here; they live in the village, but go out during the day time and work their farms, coming home before dark. My father has a farm of about ten acres, on which he grows a great abundance of things—sweet potatoes, rice, beans, peas, yams, sugar cane, pineapples, bananas, lychee nuts and palms. The palm leaves are useful and can be sold. Men make fans of the lower part of each leaf near the stem, and waterproof coats and hats, and awnings for boats, of the parts that are left when the fans are cut out.

So many different things can be grown on

one small farm, because we bring plenty of water in a canal from the mountains thirty miles away, and every farmer takes as much as he wants for his fields by means of drains.

GROUND PLAN OF LEE CHEW'S FATHER'S HOUSE



He can give each crop the right amount of water.

Our people all working together make these things, the mandarin has nothing to do with it, and we pay no taxes, except a small one on the land. We have our own Govern-

ment, consisting of the elders of our tribe—the honorable men. When a men gets to be sixty years of age he begins to have honor and to become a leader, and then the older he grows the more he is honored. We had some men who were nearly one hundred years, but very few of them.

In spite of the fact that any man may correct them for a fault, Chinese boys have good times and plenty of play. We played games like tag, and other games like shinny and a sort of football called yin.

We had dogs to play with—plenty of dogs and good dogs—that understand Chinese as well as American dogs understand American language. We hunted with them, and we also went fishing and had as good a time as American boys, perhaps better, as we were almost always together in our house, which was a sort of boys' club house, so we had many playmates. Whatever we did we did all together, and our rivals were the boys of other club houses, with whom we sometimes competed in the games. But all our play outdoors was in the daylight, because there were many graveyards about and after dark, so it was said, black ghosts with flaming mouths and eyes and long claws and teeth would come from these and tear to pieces and devour any one whom they might meet.

It was not all play for us boys, however. We had to go to school, where we learned to

read and write and to recite the precepts of Kong-foo-tsze and the other Sages, and stories about the great Emperors of China, who ruled with the wisdom of gods and gave to the whole world the light of high civilization and the culture of our literature, which is the admiration of all nations.

I went to my parents' house for meals, approaching my grandfather with awe, my father and mother with veneration and my elder brother with respect. I never spoke unless spoken to, but I listened and heard much concerning the red haired, green eyed foreign devils with the hairy faces, who had lately come out of the sea and clustered on our shores. They were wild and fierce and wicked, and paid no regard to the moral precepts of Kong-foo-tsze and the Sages; neither did they worship their ancestors, but pretended to be wiser than their fathers and grandfathers. They loved to beat people and to rob and murder. In the streets of Hong Kong many of them could be seen reeling drunk. Their speech was a savage roar, like the voice of the tiger or the buffalo, and they wanted to take the land away from the Chinese. Their men and women lived together like animals, without any marriage or faithfulness, and even were shameless enough to walk the streets arm in arm in daylight. So the old man said.

All this was very shocking and disgusting, as our women seldom were on the street, ex-

cept in the evenings, when they went with the water jars to three wells that supplied all the people. Then if they met a man they stood still, with their faces turned to the wall, while he looked the other way when he passed them. A man who spoke to a woman on the street in a Chinese village would be beaten, perhaps killed.

My grandfather told how the English foreign devils had made wicked war on the Emperor, and by means of their enchantments and spells had defeated his armies and forced him to admit their opium, so that the Chinese might smoke and become weakened and the foreign devils might rob them of their land.

My grandfather said that it was well known that the Chinese were always the greatest and wisest among men. They had invented and discovered everything that was good. Therefore the things which the foreign devils had and the Chinese had not must be evil. Some of these things were very wonderful, enabling the red haired savages to talk with one another, though they might be thousands of miles apart. They had suns that made darkness like day, their ships carried earthquakes and volcanoes to fight for them, and thousands of demons that lived in iron and steel houses spun their cotton and silk, pushed their boats, pulled their cars, printed their newspapers and did other work for them. They were constantly

showing disrespect for their ancestors by getting new things to take the place of the old.

I heard about the American foreign devils, that they were false, having made a treaty by which it was agreed that they could freely come to China, and the Chinese as freely go to their country. After this treaty was made China opened its doors to them and then they broke the treaty that they had asked for by shutting the Chinese out of their country.

When I was ten years of age I worked on my father's farm, digging, hoeing, manuring, gathering and carrying the crop. We had no horses, as nobody under the rank of an official is allowed to have a horse in China, and horses do not work on farms there, which is the reason why the roads there are so bad. The people cannot use roads as they are used here, and so they do not make them.

I worked on my father's farm till I was about sixteen years of age, when a man of our tribe came back from America and took ground as large as four city blocks and made a paradise of it. He put a large stone wall around and led some streams through and built a palace and summer house and about twenty other structures, with beautiful bridges over the streams and walks and roads. Trees and flowers, singing birds, water fowl and curious animals were within the walls.

The man had gone away from our village a

poor boy. Now he returned with unlimited wealth, which he had obtained in the country of the American wizards. After many amazing adventures he had become a merchant in a city called Mott Street, so it was said.

When his palace and grounds were completed he gave a dinner to all the people who assembled to be his guests. One hundred pigs roasted whole were served on the tables, with chickens, ducks, geese and such an abundance of dainties that our villagers even now lick their fingers when they think of it. He had the best actors from Hong Kong performing, and every musician for miles around was playing and singing. At night the blaze of the lanterns could be seen for many miles.

Having made his wealth among the barbarians this man had faithfully returned to pour it out among his tribesmen, and he is living in our village now very happy, and a pillar of strength to the poor.

The wealth of this man filled my mind with the idea that I, too, would like to go to the country of the wizards and gain some of their wealth, and after a long time my father consented, and gave me his blessing, and my mother took leave of me with tears, while my grandfather laid his hand upon my head and told me to remember and live up to the admonitions of the Sages, to avoid gambling, bad women and men of evil minds, and so to

govern my conduct that when I died my ancestors might rejoice to welcome me as a guest on high.

My father gave me $100, and I went to Hong Kong with five other boys from our place and we got steerage passage on a steamer, paying $50 each. Everything was new to me. All my life I had been used to sleeping on a board bed with a wooden pillow, and I found the steamer's bunk very uncomfortable, because it was so soft. The food was different from that which I had been used to, and I did not like it at all. I was afraid of the stews, for the thought of what they might be made of by the wicked wizards of the ship made me ill. Of the great power of these people I saw many signs. The engines that moved the ship were wonderful monsters, strong enough to lift mountains. When I got to San Francisco, which was before the passage of the Exclusion act, I was half starved, because I was afraid to eat the provisions of the barbarians, but a few days' living in the Chinese quarter made me happy again. A man got me work as a house servant in an American family, and my start was the same as that of almost all the Chinese in this country.

The Chinese laundryman does not learn his trade in China; there are no laundries in China. The women there do the washing in tubs and have no washboards or flat irons. All

the Chinese laundrymen here were taught in the first place by American women just as I was taught.

When I went to work for that American family I could not speak a word of English, and I did not know anything about housework. The family consisted of husband, wife and two children. They were very good to me and paid me $3.50 a week, of which I could save $3.

I did not know how to do anything, and I did not understand what the lady said to me, but she showed me how to cook, wash, iron, sweep, dust, make beds, wash dishes, clean windows, paint and brass, polish the knives and forks, etc., by doing the things herself and then overseeing my efforts to imitate her. She would take my hands and show them how to do things. She and her husband and children laughed at me a great deal, but it was all good natured. I was not confined to the house in the way servants are confined here, but when my work was done in the morning I was allowed to go out till lunch time. People in California are more generous than they are here.

In six months I had learned how to do the work of our house quite well, and I was getting $5 a week and board, and putting away about $4.25 a week. I had also learned some English, and by going to a Sunday school I learned more English and something about

Jesus, who was a great Sage, and whose precepts are like those of Kong-foo-tsze.

It was twenty years ago when I came to this country, and I worked for two years as a servant, getting at the last $35 a month. I sent money home to comfort my parents, but though I dressed well and lived well and had pleasure, going quite often to the Chinese theater and to dinner parties in Chinatown, I saved $50 in the first six months, $90 in the second, $120 in the third and $150 in the fourth. So I had $410 at the end of two years, and I was now ready to start in business.

When I first opened a laundry it was in company with a partner, who had been in the business for some years. We went to a town about 500 miles inland, where a railroad was building. We got a board shanty and worked for the men employed by the railroads. Our rent cost us $10 a month and food nearly $5 a week each, for all food was dear and we wanted the best of everything—we lived principally on rice, chickens, ducks and pork, and did our own cooking. The Chinese take naturally to cooking. It cost us about $50 for our furniture and apparatus, and we made close upon $60 a week, which we divided between us. We had to put up with many insults and some frauds, as men would come in and claim parcels that did not belong to them, saying they had lost their tickets, and would fight if they did not get what they asked for.

Sometimes we were taken before Magistrates and fined for losing shirts that we had never seen. On the other hand, we were making money, and even after sending home $3 a week I was able to save about $15. When the railroad construction gang moved on we went with them. The men were rough and prejudiced against us, but not more so than in the big Eastern cities. It is only lately in New York that the Chinese have been able to discontinue putting wire screens in front of their windows, and at the present time the street boys are still breaking the windows of Chinese laundries all over the city, while the police seem to think it a joke.

We were three years with the railroad, and then went to the mines, where we made plenty of money in gold dust, but had a hard time, for many of the miners were wild men who carried revolvers and after drinking would come into our place to shoot and steal shirts, for which we had to pay. One of these men hit his head hard against a flat iron and all the miners came and broke up our laundry, chasing us out of town. They were going to hang us. We lost all our property and $365 in money, which members of the mob must have found.

Luckily most of our money was in the hands of Chinese bankers in San Francisco. I drew $500 and went East to Chicago, where I had a laundry for three years, during which I increased my capital to $2,500. After that I

was four years in Detroit. I went home to China in 1897, but returned in 1898, and began a laundry business in Buffalo. But Chinese laundry business now is not as good as it was ten years ago. Amercan cheap labor in the steam laundries has hurt it. So I determined to become a general merchant, and with this idea I came to New York and opened a shop in the Chinese quarter, keeping silks, teas, porcelain, clothes, shoes, hats and Chinese provisions, which include shark's fins and nuts, lily bulbs and lily flowers, lychee nuts and other Chinese dainties, but do not include rats, because it would be too expensive to import them. The rat which is eaten by the Chinese is a field animal which lives on rice, grain and sugar cane. Its flesh is delicious. Many Americans who have tasted shark's fin and bird's nest soup and tiger lily flowers and bulbs are firm friends of Chinese cookery. If they could enjoy one of our fine rats they would go to China to live, so as to get some more.

American people eat ground hogs, which are very like these Chinese rats and they also eat many sorts of food that our people would not touch. Those that have dined with us know that we understand how to live well.

The ordinary laundry shop is generally divided into three rooms. In front is the room where the customers are received, behind that a bedroom and in the back the work shop,

which is also the dining room and kitchen. The stove and cooking utensils are the same as those of the Americans.

Work in a laundry begins early on Monday morning—about seven o'clock. There are generally two men, one of whom washes while the other does the ironing. The man who irons does not start in till Tuesday, as the clothes are not ready for him to begin till that time. So he has Sundays and Mondays as holidays. The man who does the washing finishes up on Friday night, and so he has Saturday and Sunday. Each works only five days a week, but those are long days—from seven o'clock in the morning till midnight.

During his holidays the Chinaman gets a good deal of fun out of life. There's a good deal of gambling and some opium smoking, but not so much as Americans imagine. Only a few of New York's Chinamen smoke opium. The habit is very general among rich men and officials in China, but not so much among poor men. I don't think it does as much harm as the liquor that the Americans drink. There's nothing so bad as a drunken man. Opium doesn't make people crazy.

Gambling is mostly fan tan, but there is a good deal of poker, which the Chinese have learned from Americans and can play very well. They also gamble with dominoes and dice.

The fights among the Chinese and the oper-

ations of the hatchet men are all due to gambling. Newspapers often say that they are feuds between the six companies, but that is a mistake. The six companies are purely benevolent societies, which look after the Chinaman when he first lands here. They represent the six southern provinces of China, where most of our people are from, and they are like the German, Swedish, English, Irish and Italian societies which assist emigrants. When the Chinese keep clear of gambling and opium they are not blackmailed, and they have no trouble with hatchet men or any others.

About 500 of New York's Chinese are Christians, the others are Buddhists, Taoists, etc., all mixed up. These haven't any Sunday of their own, but keep New Year's Day and the first and fifteenth days of each month, when they go to the temple in Mott Street.

In all New York there are less than forty Chinese women, and it is impossible to get a Chinese woman out here unless one goes to China and marries her there, and then he must collect affidavits to prove that she really is his wife. That is in case of a merchant. A laundryman can't bring his wife here under any circumstances, and even the women of the Chinese Ambassador's family had trouble getting in lately.

Is it any wonder, therefore, or any proof of the demoralization of our people if some of

the white women in Chinatown are not of good character? What other set of men so isolated and so surrounded by alien and prejudiced people are more moral? Men, wherever they may be, need the society of women, and among the white women of Chinatown are many excellent and faithful wives and mothers.

Some fault is found with us for sticking to our old customs here, especially in the matter of clothes, but the reason is that we find American clothes much inferior, so far as comfort and warmth go. The Chinaman's coat for the winter is very durable, very light and very warm. It is easy and not in the way. If he wants to work he slips out of it in a moment and can put it on again as quickly. Our shoes and hats also are better, we think, for our purposes, than the American clothes. Most of us have tried the American clothes, and they make us feel as if we were in the stocks.

I have found out, during my residence in this country, that much of the Chinese prejudice against Americans is unfounded, and I no longer put faith in the wild tales that were told about them in our village, though some of the Chinese, who have been here twenty years and who are learned men, still believe that there is no marriage in this country, that the land is infested with demons and that all the people are given over to general wickedness.

I know better. Americans are not all bad, nor are they wicked wizards. Still, they have

their faults and their treatment of us is outrageous.

The reason why so many Chinese go into the laundry business in this country is because it requires little capital and is one of the few opportunities that are open. Men of other nationalities who are jealous of the Chinese, because he is a more faithful worker than one of their people, have raised such a great outcry about Chinese cheap labor that they have shut him out of working on farms or in factories or building railroads or making streets or digging sewers. He cannot practice any trade, and his opportunities to do business are limited to his own countrymen. So he opens a laundry when he quits domestic service.

The treatment of the Chinese in this country is all wrong and mean. It is persisted in merely because China is not a fighting nation. The Americans would not dare to treat Germans, English, Italians or even Japanese as they treat the Chinese, because if they did there would be a war.

There is no reason for the prejudice against the Chinese. The cheap labor cry was always a falsehood. Their labor was never cheap, and is not cheap now. It has always commanded the highest market price. But the trouble is that the Chinese are such excellent and faithful workers that bosses will have no others when they can get them. If you look at men working on the street you will find an

overseer for every four or five of them. That watching is not necessary for Chinese. They work as well when left to themselves as they do when some one is looking at them.

It was the jealousy of laboring men of other nationalities—especially the Irish—that raised all the outcry against the Chinese. No one would hire an Irishman, German, Englishman or Italian when he could get a Chinese, because our countrymen are so much more honest, industrious, steady, sober and painstaking. Chinese were persecuted, not for their vices, but for their virtues. There never was any honesty in the pretended fear of leprosy or in the cheap labor scare, and the persecution continues still, because Americans make a mere practice of loving justice. They are all for money making, and they want to be on the strongest side always. They treat you as a friend while you are prosperous, but if you have a misfortune they don't know you. There is nothing substantial in their friendship.

Irish fill the almshouses and prisons and orphan asylums, Italians are among the most dangerous of men, Jews are unclean and ignorant. Yet they are all let in, while Chinese, who are sober, or duly law abiding, clean, educated and industrious, are shut out. There are few Chinamen in jails and none in the poor houses. There are no Chinese tramps or drunkards. Many Chinese here have become sincere Christians, in spite of the persecution

which they have to endure from their heathen countrymen. More than half the Chinese in this country would become citizens if allowed to do so, and would be patriotic Americans. But how can they make this country their home as matters are now? They are not allowed to bring wives here from China, and if they marry American women there is a great outcry.

All Congressmen acknowledge the injustice of the treatment of my people, yet they continue it. They have no backbone.

Under the circumstances, how can I call this my home, and how can any one blame me if I take my money and go back to my village in China?

THE END